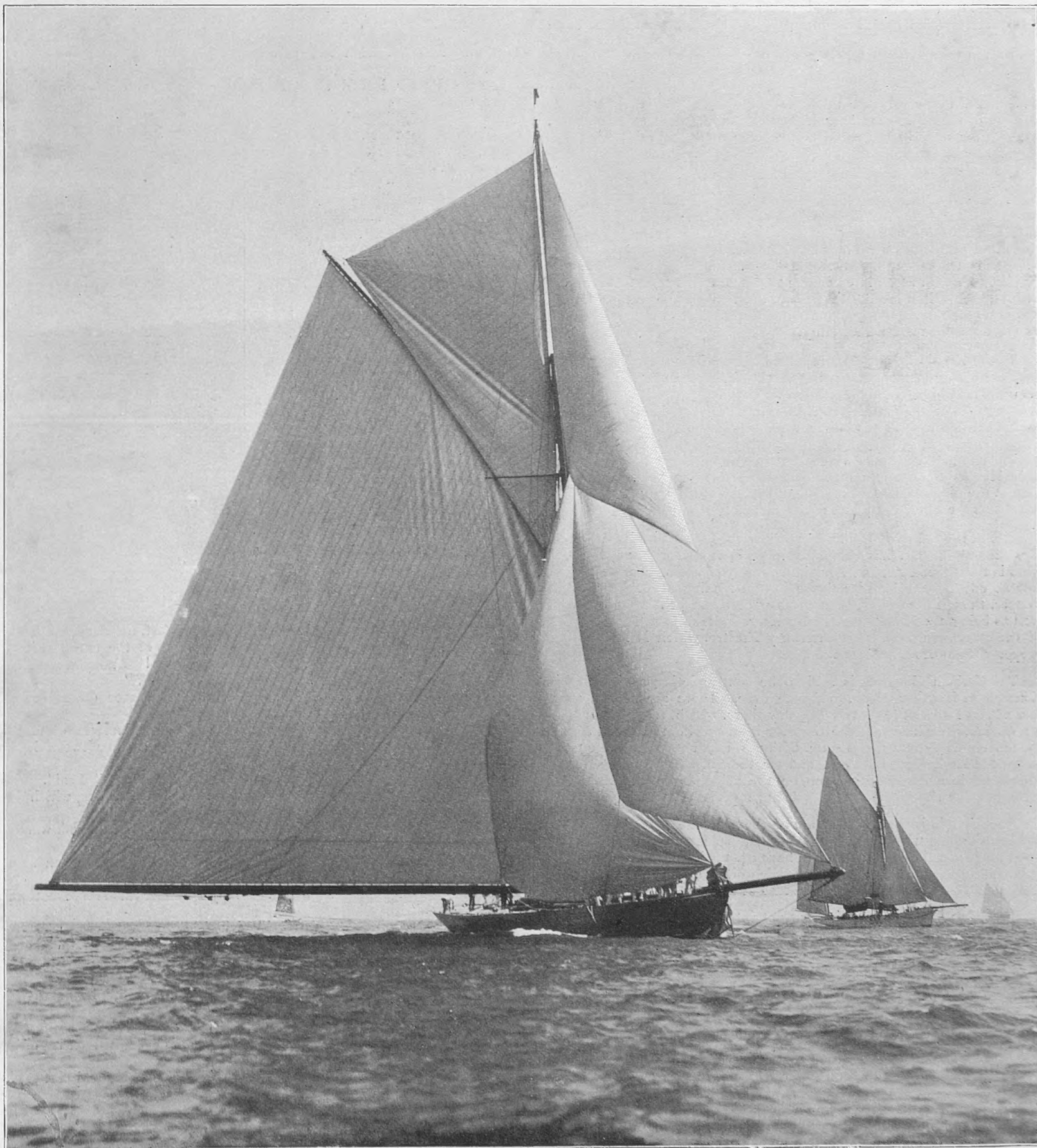




No. 349.—VOL. XXVII.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1899.

SIXPENCE.



THE ONE AND ONLY "SHAMROCK."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SYMONDS AND CO., PORTSMOUTH.

THE CLUBMAN.

The Seaforth Highlanders, who last week received new colours from the Queen, have a double connection with the title of the Duke of Albany. King George IV. named them "The Duke of Albany's Own Highlanders," in honour of his brother, and Her Majesty appointed her youngest son, the Duke of Albany, to the command of the 3rd Battalion, which is a Militia regiment.

Englishmen who know President Steyn, of the Free State, all say that the action he has been forced to take must have gone very much against the grain with him. He is a young man, a sportsman, has married an English wife, is "clubbable" and up-to-date, and can harbour no illusions as to what war means to the Free State.

On Oct. 1, Clubland may be said to have officially put its houses in order, and to have settled down into its usual life till August brings the holidays of the servants and the general dislocation of club existence round again. There is always a filling-up of the clubs about Sept. 24, for many men pass through town on their way to the "First October Meeting," curiously misnamed, at Newmarket, and the Clubs are then comparatively empty until the first days of pheasant-shooting are over.

But, in spite of this, Oct. 1 marks the beginning of the Club social year. The men who have been guests at other Clubs are delighted to get back to their own special arm-chairs, to a library where they understand the catalogue, to a reading-room where they know the position of the papers on the table, and to a dining-room and coffee-room where they address the servants by name, and the Clubs that have entertained the visitors do not grieve at their departure.

The alterations in the Club buildings this year have been trifling, the Athenæum being the only Club which has undertaken any very elaborate alterations, and its members will still remain for a time guests of the soldiers over the way, who, by the way, have hung up Nelson's sword, bequeathed to them by Sir William Fraser, and are very proud of it. The members of the St. James's, who have had their beautiful dining-room with the painted ceiling put in order, deserted Boodle's on the 1st, the Carlton members have said farewell to the Junior Carlton, and the soldiers and sailors of the Naval and Military have left St. James's Square for Piccadilly.

The Orleans has put on a beautiful new crimson face to welcome back its young-men-about-town, and the Union shines resplendent in cream. The Union Club being closed for repairs when the now historical meeting of Sunday, Sept. 24, took place, was a great grief to Clubmen, for it is always a point of vantage when any disturbance is expected in Trafalgar Square, and the members ask their friends to view these just as members of other Clubs ask theirs to view Jubilee Processions and Lord Mayors' Shows. "I was reduced to pretending that I wanted to look at the pictures in the National Gallery before I could see any of the fun," was the bitter complaint of one member of the Union.

One of the oldest of Clubmen, possibly the doyen now of Club life, Mr. Sidney Cooper, has celebrated his ninety-seventh birthday. His Club is the Athenæum, and though he rarely comes to London now, he was at one time a familiar figure in the reading-room. Mr. Sidney Cooper, though few people know it, is an accomplished scene-painter as well as being a well-known animal-painter. The drop-scene and several of the other scenes in the Canterbury Theatre, which is Mr. Cooper's property, come from his brush.

The German Emperor is said to be contemplating a visit to Lord Lonsdale at Lowther Castle, to shoot grouse. There are several stories told of His Imperial Majesty's last stay there, which, though, no doubt, *ben trovato*, are amusing. The Emperor is an excellent shot, but some of the officers who came in his suite, both naval and military, were not to be trusted implicitly with a gun, and for their benefit the Emperor had a code of instructions drawn up on the principle of the little book "Don't," the shooting of beaters being especially discouraged.

Another tale is that, at the close of the visit, the Emperor, who had been entertained with a sumptuousness and splendour that none of the great nobles on the Continent could have equalled, expressed his pleasure at having been able to see Lord Lonsdale quietly at home. The story, if true, shows that His Majesty has a sense of humour.

So far as I know, attention has not yet been drawn to a scheme of the London County Council, second only in importance to the Strand Improvement one, and that is the transformation of the Millbank Street wharves and the slums behind into a pleasure and a fashionable quarter that will rival the Victoria Embankment. A company was formed to carry out the same happy idea, but Parliament would not grant it the necessary powers. Now the County Council is taking the necessary preliminary steps, has its plan cut and dried, and has approached the owners of the various wharves and properties.

The garden at the south end of the House of Lords is to be prolonged, and the new houses on the river-face will look across it to the Thames. Smith Square and its surrounding streets will vanish, and in their place mansions and hotels and clubs will rise. It will be a bit of picturesque London wiped out of existence, but no one except the artists will regret the change.

CHIN-CHIN 'GEON-GEON ON THE YACHT-RACE.

AN INTERVIEW BY SPECIAL CABLE TO "THE SKETCH."

"Interview a pigeon? Impossible!"

Why impossible, most materialistic Mortal? Pigeons talk. If not, what price pigeon-English? I can talk pigeon-talk like a native. I can talk everything; I can do everything—except write an article that the Editor won't cut! But there is nothing new about that, either!

"Coo-ooo! Coo-ooo! Coo-ooo!"

"Quite so," I said. "What about the race?"

"Plenty muchee fuss; plenty muchee slow."

"Slow!" I exclaimed. "Why, they're the fastest yachts in the world."

"Plenty muchee white wing; plenty muchee flap-flap; plenty lillie go-go," and Jack Pouter stretched his own wings complacently.

"You surprise me," I said.

"Twenty knots an hour slow!

Why, it's nearly as fast as one of the newest Transatlantic steamers! Why, what can go faster?"

Jack Pouter looked at me wearily and said nothing. Then he slowly puffed himself out to such an extent that I entreated him, in the interests of this interview, to stop, in case he should burst. "Naturally, of course, *you* can go faster!" I said in my most soothing way. "That goes without the saying. You were about to remark?"

"Me plenty tired," Jack Pouter put his head under his wing.

"Oh, come out of that!" I said. "You've got to talk. Why should *you* be tired? You've done nothing."

"Muchee noise morning, muchee lillie sleep, makee get up wellee soon, no gettee chow-chow," and John Pouter's eyes assumed the fiery aspect of a Hyde Park orator's on Sunday afternoon.

"No breakfast?" I said sympathetically.

"No gettee chow-chow," he repeated viciously. "Melican man stuffee Pouter head wicker-box allee longee other 'geons—noee classee 'geon-geons. Noee roomee flap-flap, noee goodee breeze breathe. Pouter litee papers."

"I'll tell your grievances instead: no breakfast, no sleep, no fresh air. You, on whom, as one might put it, the news of the entire race—the entire human race, in fact—depended! Shame! And you were on the *Shamrock*, too? What do you think of the boat?"

"Me noee think-think. Me goee up, up; me goee down, down. Boatee rollee welly roll. Me welly sick-sick."

Poor Jack Pouter! So he had been interviewed *ad nauseam* too.

"Melican man grabbee Pouter out box, holdee Pouter 'tween legs, fixee letter tail-feather, throwee Pouter upee sky."

"You must at least have had a good view of the race?" I said.

"Only lillie bird's-eye view." Pouter ruffled his feathers, which in pigeon-language is equivalent to shrugging his shoulders.

"Only a bird's-eye view!" I echoed. "What better do you want? What did you think of Sir Thomas?"

"Melican man likee makee Lipton 'Melican King. 'Melican man lovee Lipton same he lovee Dewey."

"Jam for Sir Thomas!" I said. "May I take it this is rock-bottom information?"

John Pouter yawned: "Me welly sick-sick."

Diplomatic John Pouter! But I'm too old a bird myself to take a hint like that. "You'll soon be better," I said brutally. "Did you have anything on?"

"Ne loong pang, toong pang; quattie and a seezill," he answered airily, daintily throwing his seed about.

"So you were on the right side, eh?" I said. "Give me a tip, old man, for I was on the wrong, and I'm five dollars out. Which is going to win the America Cup?"

"G'long, 'Melican Man!" said John Pouter irately, and fluttered his wings.

"Come off your perch. It's no good your giving yourself airs with an old friend like me. Give me a tip, and your portrait shall appear in *The Sketch*. Which is going to win the America Cup?"

"Bestee yachttee," said John Pouter enigmatically.



[Photo by West.]

THE AMERICA CUP.

This is what all the fuss is about—a cup 27 in. in height, 36 in. round the waist, and 24 in. round the base. It weighs 134 oz.



SIR THOMAS LIPTON, THE PATRIOTIC AND SPORTING. OWNER OF THE "SHAMROCK."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

JOHN SLEEPER CLARKE, COMEDIAN.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Since the year 1867 I have had no dearer or more interesting companion, no more devoted and faithful friend, than John Sleeper Clarke, one of the very finest and most versatile comedians I have ever seen on any stage. In October 1867, when Henry Irving was playing, at the St James's Theatre, Felix Featherly to the Major Wellington de Boots of John S. Clarke, in "A Widow Hunt," America gave to us one of her very best. Owing to my long acquaintance with old Sterling Coyne, who wrote the play, which had been previously acted as "Everybody's Friend," at the Haymarket, in 1859, I soon made the personal acquaintance of this remarkable American actor.

On and off from that time, over thirty years ago, we had been constant companions, and bound by ties of friendship as sacred as it was sincere. He was a curious character off the stage: somewhat of a recluse, and loved very dearly, as our forefathers and Oliver Goldsmith did, "Old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine." Amongst the old friends to whom he opened his heart continually, three at least are still alive—Charles Dunphie, Joseph Knight, and Clement Scott. Many a good bottle of port and Burgundy have we four cracked together; many the old books we have discussed; many the old actors he has imitated to our delight, for his mimetic power was little less than marvellous; many the trips we have taken driving to Stratford-on-Avon or elsewhere, boating or steam-launching up the Thames he loved so well and within a few yards of which he died at Surbiton; many the schemes we talked over with this kind-hearted gentleman for founding a home and last resting-place for actors and actresses after the Forrest plan, which pleased him greatly. Possibly the scheme was not visionary. [Not after the failure of the Woking Home?—ED.]

Devotedly attached to his family, he married a sister of Edwin Booth, a deeply religious and sweetly-natured woman interested in the artistic career of her two sons, both on the stage. He still loved to get away from Haverstock Hill, where he once lived, and to take quiet lodgings in some off-river street in the Strand, to be within sound of his beloved theatres. He was a curious mixture. He loved the town passionately; he loved the country with equal passion. He would become a boy again at his Strand lodgings, or at Simpson's, or at the Café Royal, where he would talk, and talk marvellously well, until we were all turned out at closing time; but in his pony-trap on a driving tour to Warwickshire, or in his steam-launch on the Thames, or in his lovely garden at Surbiton, he could more than ever, as boy again, talk as well and love Nature as dearly as he loved the London paving-stones. He was a marvellous blend of the old school and the new was John Sleeper Clarke.

It was at the Café Royal, in Regent Street, only a few nights ago, that I last saw my dear old friend. He was deeply interested in two things: my book on the Stage, in which I am greatly indebted to him for continual advice and the fruits of his unequalled experience; and my forthcoming trip to America, on which he longed to accompany me and show me his beloved Philadelphia—where he owned a theatre—and the scenes of his youthful experience as an actor. So he arranged one of those quiet little dinners he so dearly loved in the company of his best friends, and asked my wife and myself to be his guests, to talk over the American scheme. What a delightful evening it was, he in the best of health and spirits, full of reminiscence, imitating this actor and that, giving us a bit of his own Bob Acres, the pistol scene; and, to wind up, when my wife sat down to the piano and played to him the songs of long ago which she had learned from a gifted and affectionate mother, the poor old fellow sat down by her side, put his head into his hands, and sobbed. Then we agreed to meet next Saturday at Liverpool, for he wanted to see me off and instruct me once more, and tell me what to do and what diplomacy to use; and so we parted in the rain, and his

last words were, as we descended the staircase together, "God bless you, old friend! Don't forget. We meet at Liverpool, where I shall see the last of you. No, not that—hang it all, not that! You know what I mean—not see the last of you, but to give you God-speed, and I *must* do that."

Ah me! *L'homme propose, mais Dieu dispose.* We never met again on earth. I wrote him a letter Sunday week to arrange the farewell. Next day a letter was placed in my hands. It was from his pretty daughter, a dear friend of ours, announcing that her "poor darling" was dead. And so, "come Saturday," as the dear country-folks say, we shall set sail, the wife and I, across this "infinite sea," but without the "touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still."

The younger generation may not know very much about John S. Clarke as an actor. I wish some of them who appreciate good acting could have seen him. The veteran dramatist John Robinson Planché once said in my hearing, "I have seen about all the actors of Ollapod ('The Poor Gentleman'), including Fawcett, the original, and I consider John S. Clarke's rendering of the character superior to that of any player I have witnessed in it."

Walter Lacy pronounced Clarke's Dr. Pangloss ("The Heir at Law") as the best he had ever seen, and I expect he had seen a good many of different and indifferent merit. Charles Reade told me that to see Clarke merely walk across the stage was more amusing than to see any other comedian play a whole part through.

My old friend was never tired of talking of Forrest and the elder Booth. He loved to act scenes from "Richard III.," and pretend he was a tragedian, as he was, within an inch of it. He insisted, which was perfectly true, that he never once appeared in London without drawing it, saving manager after manager from disaster at critical times. In fact, at one time it was a case of "Play J. S. Clarke and replenish your diminished treasury."

It always nettled my good old friend a little when he was told, as he was continually told in America, that his style—particularly in the character of Mr. Toodles, as fine a specimen of tragic-farce acting as I have ever seen—was founded on that of Burton, the celebrated American comic actor.

It is quite certain that Burton had not the marvellous versatility of John S. Clarke. Few students of the drama know that, during one of his provincial tours, he doubled the parts of Dr. Pangloss and Zekiel Homespun in "The Heir at Law," in consequence of the indisposition of one of the actors. The *Scotsman* was enthusiastic on the feat, and it was repeated. David James often told me that J. S. Clarke taught him how to play Zekiel, and what a marvellously pathetic performance that was in contrast to old Pangloss. Lord Lytton and Charles Dickens were enthusiastic about his de Boots, and I never can forget his Bob Acres, Dromio of Syracuse, Newman Noggs, Bob Tyke in "The School of Reform"; but, in tragic humour,

the best of all was Toodles, a marvellous expression of comic drunkenness. Thousands knew the actor; very few indeed knew the man. Generous, sympathetic, affectionate, a hater of humbug and shams, a loather of toadies and tricksters, he avoided clubs and social gatherings, and preferred some cosy corner, to commune with his own good heart or some trusted friend to whom confidence was sacred. I am proud to have been such a friend and to have shared his confidence. Dear, good old fellow, I shall not look upon his like again! One more has gone; one more has left me with the shadows and the faint, sweet perfume of happier times!

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The Editor is always glad to consider interesting photographs, for which payment will be made at the usual rates. He would urge upon contributors the necessity of clearly indicating on the photographs themselves the subjects represented, with the name and address of the sender; it should also be stated whether the contributor wishes the photo to be returned. Whenever possible, full explanatory notes in manuscript should be sent, in addition to the details written on the photograph.



THE LAST PHOTOGRAPH OF THE LATE MR. JOHN S. CLARKE.

This portrait, kindly lent to "The Sketch" by the management of the Strand Theatre, was taken in 1882 by Sprague and Co., London.

"THE PRINCE OF BORNEO," AT THE STRAND THEATRE.



MISS CISSY FITZGERALD (THE "WINKING GIRL"), WHO PLAYS
MADAME SAMOVAR.

Photo by Falk, New York



MR. WILTON HERIOT (THE STAGE-MANAGER), WHO PLAYS
KRASCH.

Photo by Ramsden, Leicester.



MR. FRANK WHEELER, WHO PLAYS CHICKOREE.

Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.



MISS NORAH MAGUIRE, WHO PLAYS NADINE.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

See "Theatre Gossip," p. 495.

Applications must be made on the Forms accompanying the Prospectus.
Prospectuses may be obtained from the Bankers, Brokers, Solicitors, and Auditors of the Company, and at the Offices of the Company.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

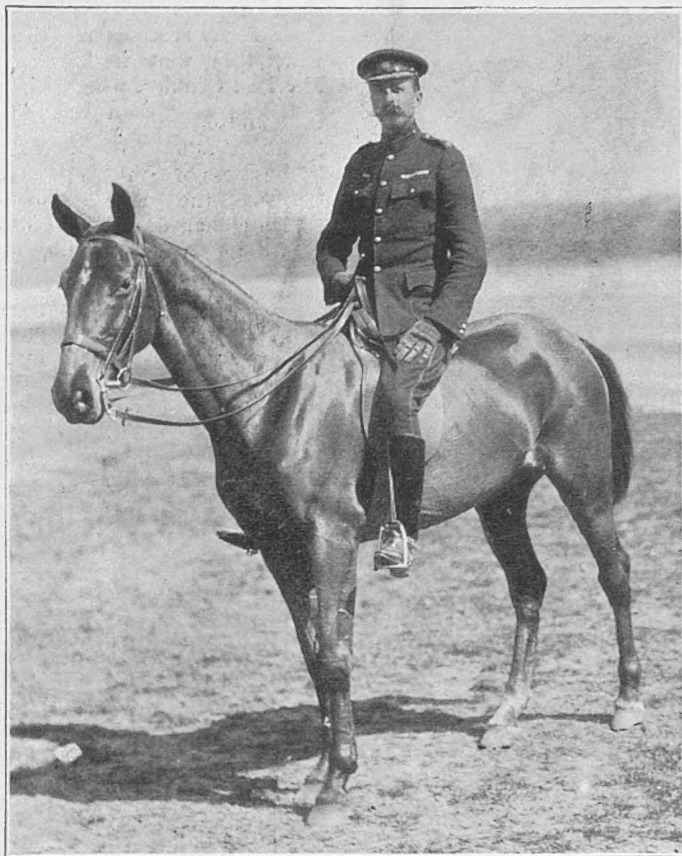
The Queen has many bitter memories connected with Africa. Not only has she lost many gallant officers and men of her Army and Navy in the numerous wars, little and big, which have been waged during the present reign in various parts of the Dark Continent, but she has also had to mourn the death of a devoted son-in-law, in the person of Prince Henry of Battenberg. Almost as terrible to the Sovereign was the death of the young Prince Imperial. In her published journal *Her Majesty* has placed on record how incredible the news seemed to her at first. The fact that Napoleon the Third's only son died fighting for the British flag naturally added a special poignancy to the Queen's grief.

But there is hardly any considerable portion of Africa, from the Mediterranean to the Cape of Good Hope, which is not full of memories, both sad and joyous, to our beloved Sovereign. It was in Egypt that the Duke of Connaught received his baptism of fire, and it is well known that the Queen cherishes a special devotion to the memory of General Gordon, whose Bible is among her most precious possessions in the private gallery at Windsor. This volume, which is a plain, leather-bound copy of the Holy Scriptures, such as a man who had constantly to travel would naturally possess, is placed in a crystal cabinet, the magnificence of which is in curious contrast with the simplicity of the relic.

As all the world knows, no official record is kept of the proceedings which take place at Cabinet meetings. Occasionally, however, very definite accounts reach the outside public, but not on any single occasion during the present reign has such betrayal

of Cabinet secrets been traced to the wife of any Minister. The present Cabinet is singularly fortunate in its wives. Though this is the largest Cabinet on record, only three out of the eighteen Ministers are widowers, and only two are bachelors. If Ministers were superstitious, they might find cause for anxiety in the fact that, of the three widowers, two have sustained their bereavement since the Cabinet was formed in 1895. Those who delight in statistics may be interested to know that Mr. Chamberlain is the only one who has been three times married, and he and the Duke of Devonshire alone are married to ladies who were originally of foreign birth, Mrs. Chamberlain having been an American, and the Duchess of Devonshire a Hanoverian. As so often happens, however, both the Duchess of Devonshire and Mrs. Chamberlain are keen politicians, although the latter, at any rate, has never cared to join any women's political organisation.

Mr. Chamberlain wrote a political play once, and is said to be thinking of another. We know what the characters will be: a villain (Dutch) who threatens his "suzerain" and dies lingeringly in the fifth act, a conquering hero with an eyeglass, the inevitable South African millionaire, and a wicked authoress who abuses the millionaire (who turns out to be a philanthropist in disguise—a good disguise). The Parliamentary local colour, I understand, will be a feature, and most of the scenes of the "Savage South Africa" type, a peculiarly strong situation occurring in a battle-scene at Krugersdorp. President Kruger ought now to write a problem-novel with a purpose—calling it, say, "Dr. Hatfield and Mr. Highbury: The Story of a Double Life."



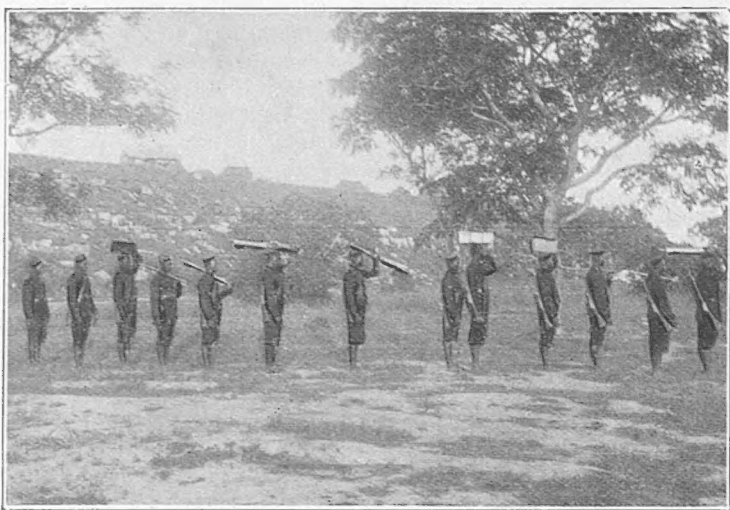
COLONEL ALDERSON, WHO WILL COMMAND THE MOUNTED INFANTRY AT THE CAPE.

Photo by Knight, Aldershot.



BOERS MARCHING THROUGH JOHANNESBURG.

While readers of *The Sketch* are aware that Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was born in Camberwell—and some particulars of the house in which the future Colonial Secretary first opened his eyes appeared a short time ago



A MAXIM-GUN DETACHMENT OF THE WEST AFRICAN FRONTIER FORCE.

in its pages—it will surprise many to hear that young Chamberlain's first preceptress outside the parental circle is still a resident in Camberwell Grove, where in the early 'forties she conducted a private school in a house situated only a few doors from that occupied by the Chamberlains. Miss Pace, in all probability the oldest continuous resident in the classic Grove, retains an inextinguishable impression, across an interval of over half-a-century, of her now famous pupil—a polite but masterful little lad, she describes him, who was a general favourite, an ideal scholar, and evidenced in those early days an ambition which would not be satisfied with anything but the foremost place. He attended Miss Pace's school for a twelvemonth—a sufficient length of time to render teacher and scholar memorable to each other in after years. That Mr. Chamberlain has not forgotten his early instructress or the scenes of his youth recent events testify. "I am a Camberwell man," he proudly informed a South London auditory some time ago; lately, in company with Mrs. Chamberlain, he called on Miss Pace—a courtly old lady, with much of the quiet dignity reminiscent of the less strenuous days of the mid-century—and talked of old times; and, in company with his son, he visited the house of his birth—now numbered 188. To many it will impart a fresh interest to the Grove to know that a lady so closely associated with the boyhood of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain still occupies one of its roomy, old-world houses.



MEETING OF THE PRESIDENT AND HIS PEOPLE AT THE HISTORICAL "PAARDEKRAAL," AT KRUGERSDORP.

The President may be seen at the right, uttering a prayer to the Almighty, whom he firmly believes is on his side.

Perhaps, during the present crisis, a more representative luncheon-party has not foregathered than on Wednesday, Sept. 27, when Commander-in-Chief Lord Wolseley, Adjutant-General Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., General Sir Redvers Buller, and Military Secretary Major-General Coleridge Grove discussed "tiffin" at the Army and Navy Club, better known as the "Rag." As a facetious member remarked, the quartette were probably trying the latest recipe for Kruger *en casserole*.

An announcement in some of the papers to the effect that six of Paul Kruger's sons and fifty of his grandsons are to be found in the Boer Army reminds me that I met several of the President's family when they were in London two or three years ago. They included Mr. Piet Grobler, who is, I believe, a nephew, and Lieutenant Eloff, a grandson of "Oom Paul." I met them on more than one occasion. Mr. Grobler, who is now in the Ministry, was, I think, then here on business of State, and I was struck by two circumstances. In the first place, the visitors bore no resemblance to the dirty, disreputable Dutchman who figures in caricature. Mr. Grobler and Lieutenant Eloff are fine, well-built men, as were their friends.

In the second place, I noted their curious suspicion of what they saw and heard. I was forced to the conclusion that they were not at their ease; they seemed to think they were in an enemy's country. This was more noticeable in the case of Lieutenant Eloff, with whom the memory of the Jameson Raid was very keen. I remarked to a prominent Afrikaner at the time that it was a pity nothing could be done to develop a better understanding between the Dutch and the English, for there was all the material for fraternisation could it have been used



THE "DOPPER," OR OLD DUTCH, CHURCH IN PRETORIA.

skilfully. During the recent negotiations between Pretoria and Bloemfontein, Mr. Grobler has been prominently employed. Lieutenant Eloff is doubtless with the other forty-nine grandsons of the President; he brought himself into unfortunate notoriety on a racecourse some year or more ago, but he is very young. Doubtless he will acquire wisdom, and, for the sake of our passing acquaintance, I hope he may not be called upon to pay too dearly for it.

The 1st Royal Dublin Fusiliers, pictured on another page, are the old 102nd Royal Madras Fusiliers, one of John Company's old regiments brought on to the British Establishment. As the "Madras European Regiment," it is recorded that, from the date of its formation in 1748, in ten years it took part in no less than seventy battles against the native enemy and the French.

These, however, form but a small part of its services. It has changed its name several times—from the "1st Madras European Fusiliers" to the "1st Madras Fusiliers," and then "Royal Madras Fusiliers," becoming in 1881 the "1st Royal Dublin Fusiliers." Its 2nd Battalion boasts of a much earlier formation, for it was raised as long ago as 1661 for the protection of Bombay, when, as part of the dowry of Catherine of Braganza, Charles the Second's Queen, that city became British. Should the 1st Royal Dublins go to South Africa, it will find its 2nd Battalion there, for the old "Royal Bombay Fusiliers" have been in South Africa for the past year or two, and have just moved from Ladysmith up to Dundee for the protection of the coalfields. The Dublin Fusiliers may be relied on to uphold their ancient motto—"Spectamus agendo."

This grotesque knocker may be seen on the North Door of Durham Cathedral. In the olden time, criminals and others who claimed the sanctuary of St. Cuthbert used this knocker, and were admitted by the attendants at the gate. Applicants were housed, fed, and protected for



SOMETHING THAT MR. KRUGER OUGHT TO KNOW ABOUT: THE SANCTUARY KNOCKER, DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

Photo by Walker, Middlesbrough.

a period not exceeding thirty-seven days. The sanctuary was last claimed on Sept. 10, 1524. Would it not be kind to call Mr. Kruger's attention to this last resort?

"Costermonger," in an interesting letter on the great demonstration in Trafalgar Square, says—

The chief benefit of such meetings, the encouragement of British agriculture, has been entirely overlooked. I had a small barrow in Whitehall, from which, though at a slack time of year, I sold sixteen bushels four quarts of apples, £5 6s. 4d. worth of cabbages, and 25lb. of plums in half-an-hour. The purchasers were not particular about freshness. The cabbages, indeed, had died during the night. I see several people have been bound over since to keep the pieces, but I have received back much of what I sold from Dr. Clark and the officials of the National Liberal Club, they having no further use for them. Had I had a few dozens of eggs, I could have disposed of them also at liberal rates. The other advantages of the meeting—the clearing of the neighbouring streets of dead cats and the cleansing of Nelson's Monument which was necessitated, also, of course, the support given to the Government—are not to be overlooked. But, sir, cannot you raise your powerful voice to organise repeated demonstrations, and assist the deserving employees of a declining industry?

I have often envied a friend of mine who lives in Pietermaritzburg—I don't envy him quite so much this week. He writes to me from that place, under date Aug. 26—

Just at present I have no doubt that Africa is very much in your thoughts. So it is in ours here, I can assure you, and Tommy Atkins is ready and very eager to get to work. My Martini-Enfield is quite clean, and my hundred rounds of ammunition are its constant companions at my bedside. Under the Government rules regulating Rifle Associations here, we are bound to respond if the Government calls us, but, of course, only within our magisterial divisions. As a matter of fact, if the worst came, and the Boers got to Pietermaritzburg, every man, whether a member or not, would need to "tee the line." I pray the necessity may not arise. There is any amount of newspaper-writing and telegraphing, but of solid fact only very little. Before you receive this, things ought to have got "forrarder."

But have they?

For some time past theatrical business in South Africa has been far from brilliant, and doleful tales

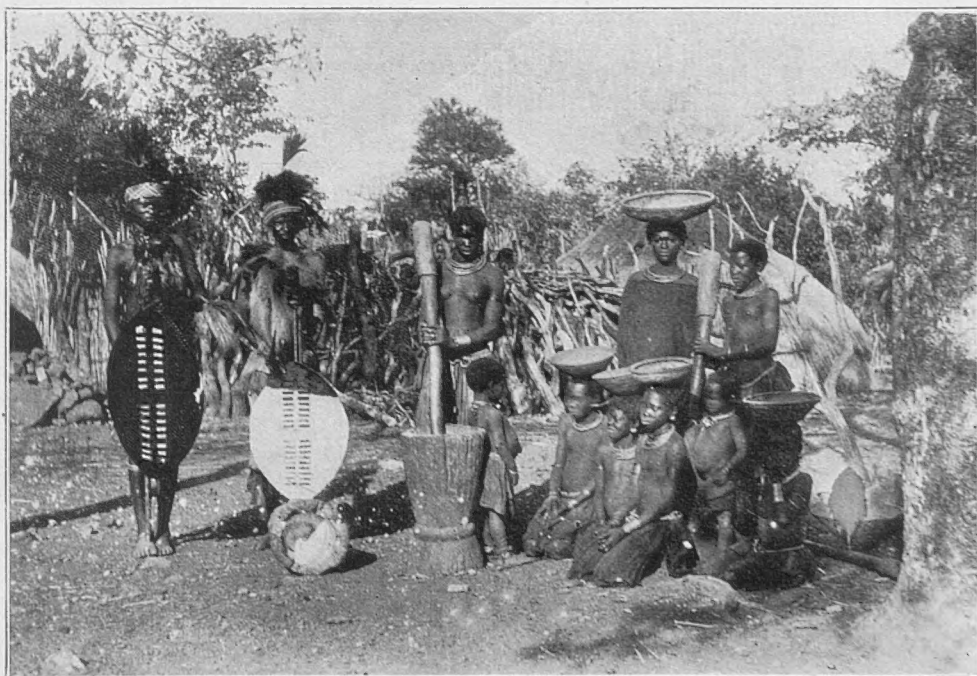
of empty benches and diminishing "treasury" reach me from the Transvaal. This, of course, is not to be wondered at in the circumstances. In Pretoria the other day the Lilliputian Opera Company's season terminated with almost startling suddenness, and the clever youngsters hid them with all speed to the friendly territory of Natal. In Johannesburg, theatrical business has gone all to pieces—indeed, I much doubt whether there is an audience left there. I hear, however, that Miss Bessie Bonehill contemplates an early professional visit to the "Gold-Reef City." One can but admire her courage. In the colonies of Natal and the Cape professionals have also suffered; but, of course, not to the same extent as in the Transvaal.

The Duke and Duchess of York, after their visit to the Duke of Richmond at Gordon Castle, where His Royal Highness enjoyed salmon-fishing in the Spey, and the Duchess of York paid a visit to Elgin Cathedral and the Church of the Greyfriars, the latter building having been recently restored through the munificence of the Marquis of Bute, went last Thursday to Drumlanrig Castle on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch. The Castle is the Dumfriesshire seat of the house of Buccleuch, and the present visit is in fulfilment of a promise which would have been carried into effect this time last year had it not been frustrated by the death of the Queen of Denmark. The district in which the Castle is situated is picturesque, and there is ample opportunity for sport, angling or shooting. The Castle is an imposing structure, situated on the banks of the Nith. It was built in the seventeenth century, and is surrounded with traditions and memories connected with the history of the family which owns it. The Duke of Buccleuch while in Scotland resides chiefly at Dalkeith, but a short period of every autumn is spent in his Nithsdale mansion.

A Rothschild marriage is, from every point of view, an interesting function, and this is especially the case when one of the contracting parties is a Miss Rothschild, for the great cosmopolitan financial house has always been fortunate in its daughters. They have united in an unusual degree beauty, intellectual power, and artistic gifts. The Rothschild bride of the moment, the Hon. Evelina Rothschild, was named after her aunt, Lord Rothschild's sister, and the late Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild's wife. The name, too, as is well known, lives in the Evelina Hospital for sick children, which Baron Ferdinand founded. Miss Rothschild is, through her mother, closely related to the Frankfurt branch of the family, and she has constantly stayed both with her German and her French relations.

Her father's house, 148, Piccadilly, has long been known as the scene of a generous though never pretentious hospitality, and may be said to be one of the most cosmopolitan centres in all London, for Lord Rothschild is in constant and intimate association not only with his foreign relations, but also with all that is most distinguished in *la haute finance*.

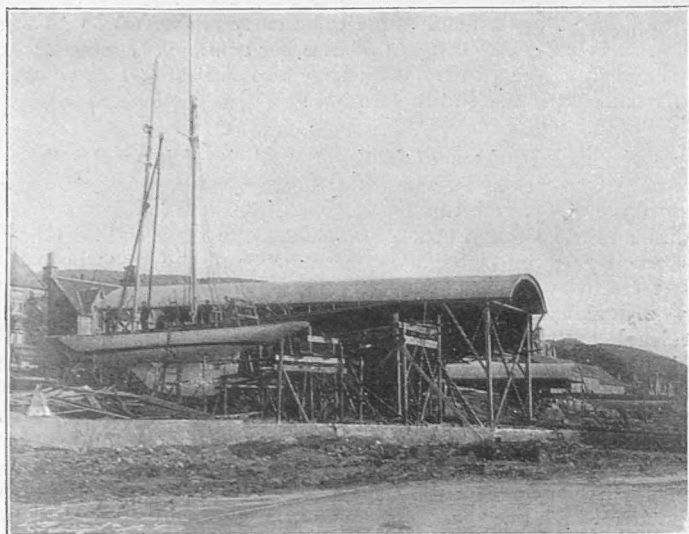
At Tring Park also Lord Rothschild entertains largely, and his Saturday-to-Monday parties have given his daughter unique opportunities of mixing with all the eminent statesmen and politicians of the day. Indeed, it would be strange if Lord Rothschild was not interested in politics, for he has had the singular distinction of having been a member not only of the British House of Commons and House of Lords, but also of the German Parliament.



NATIVES OF THE TRANSVAAL NEAR THE RANGE OF MOUNTAINS CALLED MURCHISON RANGE.

They are grinding "mealies" into meal to eat. The men are fierce and warlike, and would probably rise in the event of war and fight against the English.

I am able to give this week (by permission of Messrs. A. Brown and Co., of Lanark) a more detailed view of the famous yacht-building yard on the Firth of Clyde to which reference was recently made by *The Sketch* in an article on "The Fifes of Fairlie." The buildings, it



THE FIFES' YACHT-BUILDING YARD, FAIRLIE.

Photo by Brown and Co., Lanark.

will be seen, are mostly of corrugated iron, but the wooden shed in which the Fairlie industry had its inception is still preserved. It was in one of these buildings—the drawing-office—that Mr. William Fife early last year prepared the designs of the *Shamrock*. Little or no machinery is employed at the yard—as might be inferred from the absence of chimneys—but there is a well-constructed slip-way for the larger yachts. Just behind the yard is the old-fashioned house in which the Fifes, father and son, have their home. Without the noise or the smoke of iron-ship building, the Fifes' Yard takes nothing away from the attraction which Fairlie as a holiday resort is beginning to have for Glasgow people.

What a pity it is that the Admiralty do not make an attempt to simplify the titles of some of the non-combatant officers of the Navy! The other day, in the official list of appointments, I came across the announcement that "Supernumerary-Probationary-Assistant-Engineer Blank" had been appointed to a certain ship. The ambition of this officer is to become a Chief Inspector of Machinery. This is the title by which engineer officers at the very top of the tree are known. No civilian would ever guess that officers holding this unpretentious title are supposed to rank with a naval Captain of three years' seniority, who, in his turn, ranks with a full Colonel in the Army. Similarly, the highest ambition of a naval surgeon is to become an Inspector-General of Hospitals and Fleets, and such officers are the equals of Rear-Admirals, and, in the Army, of Major-Generals. From the title given by the Admiralty, no one outside the services would suspect these officers of so much greatness, so successfully is it hidden from the vulgar gaze. In the Paymasters' branch the same game of hide-and-seek is played, and, though an officer may rise to be a Paymaster-in-Chief, and rank with a Colonel on all official occasions, he has no title to denote his rank.

Admiral Dewey's reception suggests the sea-story up-to-date, as thusly—

SKIPPER (*the hero of a hundred near things*). How my hand shakes! And yet Bill Cutlass ne'er feared the face of danger before.

MATE. Danger? What mean ye? The war is over!

SKIPPER. Yes, but we've got to have the reception at home still.

MATE. Ah! Horrid thought! It had mis-slipped me. But, come, Cutlass, play the man! The skipper of the *Gory Devil*, and afraid?

The route-march of the 1st Battalion Gordon Highlanders, which commenced at Stonehaven three weeks ago to-day, terminated at Aberdeen yesterday. Though the main purport of the visit of the Gordons to their territorial district was to obtain recruits, and in this they have been fairly successful, the most interesting incident was, of course, the presentation of new colours to the battalion by the Prince of Wales at Braikley House, and the visit of the corps to Balmoral Castle, where the Queen inspected the heroes of Dargai. One of the last stages of the march was Haddo House, the seat of the Earl of Aberdeen, and here the detachment encamped from Saturday evening till Monday, when they left for Parkhill, and thence to Aberdeen. Here Colonel Downman, with befitting military ceremony, yesterday presented the old colours of the battalion to the Town Council for safe keeping. Thereafter the memorial of the Gordons who fell in recent Indian frontier campaigns was unveiled, and the detachment returned to Edinburgh by train.

The visit of the German Emperor and Empress to the Queen at Windsor will bring some anxiety to Mr. Charles Fraser, the genial Superintendent of Police who has been in constant personal attendance

on Her Majesty for so many years. Of course, special detectives will be sent over from Germany to watch over the Kaiser and Kaiserin, and our own secret agents will be on the *qui-vive*, but Mr. Fraser is the Captain of the Palace Guard, and he will not easily forget the anxiety which the Teuton potentate caused him on his last appearance at Windsor.

Wilhelm I. has a knack of acting on the spur of the moment, and following his own inclinations without consulting anybody else. Often and often would he rise at break of day, find his way to the stables, and scour the Great Park and neighbourhood without a single attendant. But his crowning achievement was when the Prince of Wales arranged one afternoon a water-party in honour of his Imperial nephew. The distinguished party left the Castle in breaks for Surley Hall, but at the hour of departure the Kaiser was not to be seen, and it was generally surmised that he had started by himself for the trysting-place. However, a mounted messenger soon brought back news that His Majesty was not at Surley. Search-parties were organised, and Special Correspondents flew all over Windsor; some even went to Henley, where it was rumoured the Emperor had gone. For over two hours the excitement continued, but at last, thanks to Mr. Fraser's sagacity, his missing Majesty was discovered placidly inspecting the live stock on the Queen's Home Farm.

Another of Mr. Fraser's famous discoveries was during the Fenian scare, when a fire broke out at the Great Western Railway Station at Windsor. Among the débris were found a number of little brass wheels. Instantly the Mayor and Corporation and the burgesses of Windsor jumped to the conclusion that the conflagration was due to an infernal-machine, and there were fine head-lines on the contents bills of the London evening-papers. Mr. Fraser, however, went quietly to work, and soon found out that the wheels in question had been consigned from abroad to a local watchmaker, and that the parcel containing them was in one of the offices burnt out. When someone asked Mr. Fraser what had given him the clue, he wisely remarked that he had never heard of an infernal-machine worked with wheels all of the same size and shape.

It has been recently asked of the French Law Courts whether an actress has the right to assist as spectator at a theatre where she ordinarily assists on the scene. The question would seem to be resolved in advance; the right to an orchestra-chair belongs to whoever wishes to pay for it. This was not the idea of the director of the Théâtre du Capitole, at Toulouse, who arrogated the right to hinder his first-light singer, Mdle. Baréty, from occupying a place in the salle, where she wished to go to applaud her comrades. Mdle. Baréty occupied her place nevertheless. Whereupon the director imposed on her a fine, which she refused to pay, and he retained her salary. Hence the legal process, hence a palpitating interest excited among theatrical artists all over France. The Court in its wisdom decided for the actress, and the rash director "payed for the music."



"THE CHILD IS FATHER TO THE MAN."

Miss Ellen Beach Yaw, the young Californian soprano who will play the principal female singing part in Sir Arthur Sullivan's new comic opera, at the Savoy, studied in America and twice in Paris. "I had from the first," she recently told an interviewer for *Sketch*, "the faculty of being before the public." She has made three American tours. Last New Year's Day she sang in Paris at a concert given by the orchestra from the Opera. Miss Beach Yaw loves to sing out of doors, if the atmosphere is pure. "If you sing naturally," she says, "and do not force the voice, it grows and grows. That is how I got my high note. There is no method in the world like Nature's." In response to my interviewer's request for any interesting experience she has had, Miss Beach Yaw said: "When I was touring in America with a company of my own, someone spread a report that I was dead. It was said for fun, I suppose; but a reporter heard it, and he thought it would be a good story. So it was told everywhere. I was in a railway-train one day, and the first thing I saw on opening a newspaper was a picture of myself, with a long article describing how I died singing what the reporter called my 'swan note.'"

The launch of a battleship named the *London* revives recollections of former warships which have borne the name. It is rather surprising that there were no *Londons* at Trafalgar, the Nile, Copenhagen, or other big naval battles, though at that period there was in the service a ship of the name mounting ninety-eight guns. In naval history this ship will be remembered as the leader of the Mutiny at the Nore. When, on Sunday morning, May 7, 1797, Lord Bridport made the signal for the fleet to weigh anchor, every ship refused to obey, and in the afternoon a meeting of the delegates was held on board the *London*, which was flying the flag of Vice-Admiral Colpoys. The Admiral resolved to oppose their coming, and ordered the marines under arms. Some obeyed the order, while others refused. As the delegates came on board, the dutiful marines were ordered to level

their pieces at them, and, on their doing so, a slight skirmish took place. Five seamen were killed, and one of the marine officers wounded. The whole crew of the *London* now showed open hostility, and they turned the forward guns towards the stern and threatened to fire unless the officers and marines surrendered. This they did. In a few days, however, a reform of the service being promised, and the King's free pardon given to the seamen, the red flag was hauled down, the officers released, and the tars returned to their duty.

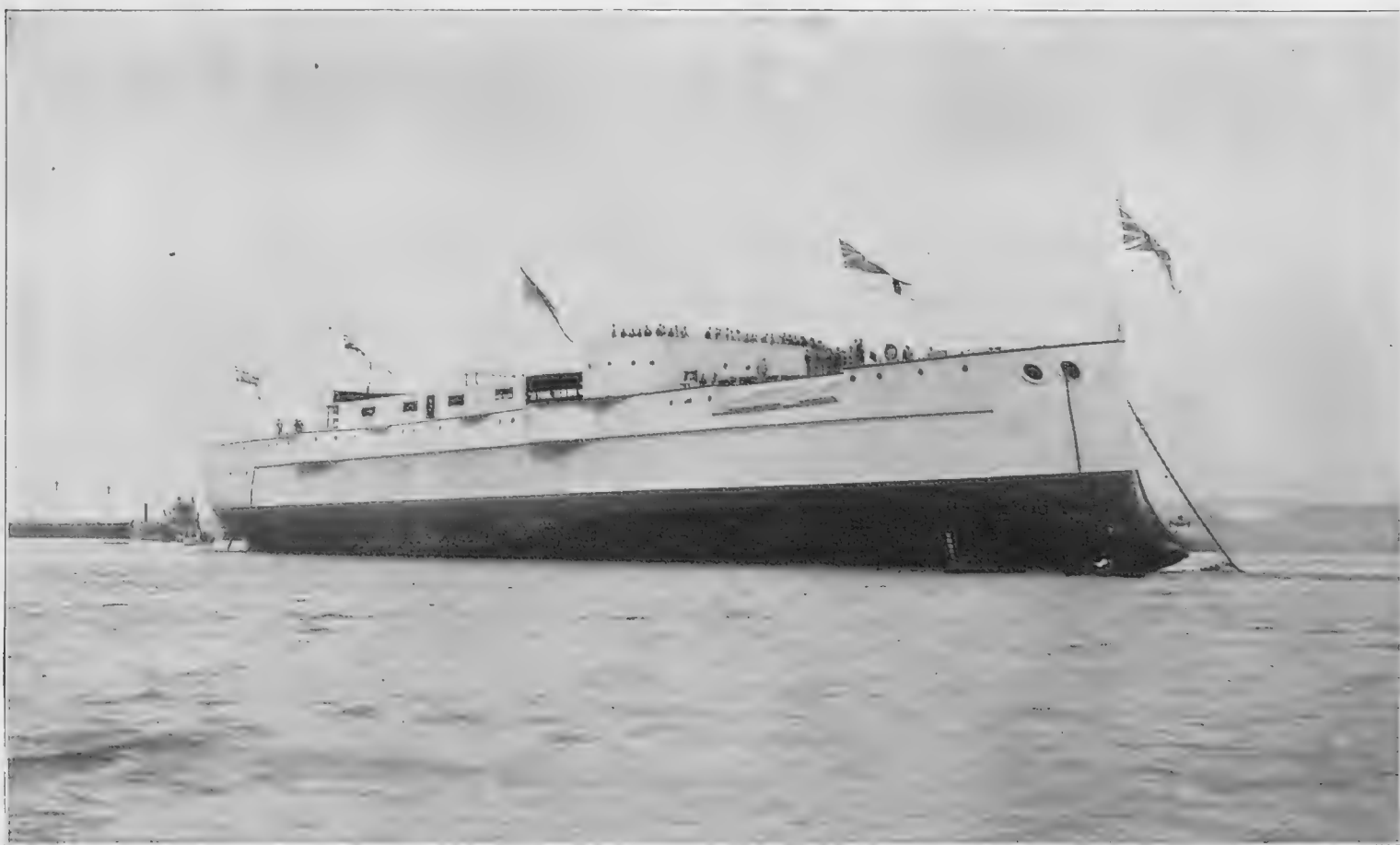
The present *London* is much after the style of the old *Formidable*, her sister-ships being the *Venerable*, now building at Chatham, and the *Bulwark*, about to be launched at Devonport. These ships are very similar to the *Formidable*, differing only in the distribution of their armour. The *London's* dimensions are: Length, 400 ft. between perpendiculars, 430 ft. over all; 75 ft. breadth, and 15,000 tons displacement, giving a mean draught of 26 ft. 9 in. She will be propelled by twin screws actuated by two sets of triple-expansion engines, each of 7500 horse-power. Steam will be provided by twenty Belleville water-tube boilers. The coal carried for normal use is 900 tons, but space is provided for 2100 tons. The *London's* armament will consist of four 12 in. breech-loading guns of new type. The auxiliary armament consists of twelve 6-in. guns mounted in armoured casemates, eight being on the main and four on the upper deck, and sixteen 12-pounders, besides Maxims and 3-pounders. Four submerged torpedo-tubes have been fitted.

Now that Mr. Bernard Shaw's play, "The Devil's Disciple," has been produced at the Princess of Wales's, Kennington, it is curious to recall that the same author's "Candida" never has been seen in London. This delightfully Shawish comedy was produced at Aberdeen more than two years ago by Miss Janet Achurch and Mr. Charles Charrington, with Mr. Courtenay Thorpe in the part of the Shelleyan poet. "Candida" is published in "Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant."



MISS ELLEN BEACH YAW, WHO WILL TAKE A LEADING PART IN THE NEW SAVOY OPERA.

Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.



H.M.S. "LONDON," LAUNCHED AT PORTSMOUTH ON SEPT. 22.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HOPKINS, SOUTHSEA.

Philatelists will be interested in the specimens I reproduce—kindly forwarded to me by Messrs. Whitfield King and Co., of Ipswich—of the new Cuban postage-stamps, just issued. The statue shown on the one-cent stamp is that of Columbus; the two-cent stamp has a group of



NEW CUBAN POSTAGE-STAMPS.

palm-trees, the three-cent an allegorical statue of Cuba—"La Cubana." The merchant-steamship on the five-cent stamp is flying two flags, one American and the other Cuban, while the ten-cent stamp shows a man ploughing a field with a yoke of oxen.

The large ten-cent stamp is for Express Delivery. Letters bearing this stamp are delivered by special bicycle-messenger immediately on arrival of the mail and in advance of the ordinary delivery. Since the evacuation of Cuba by the Spanish, the stamps used have been the American ones, with the word "Cuba" printed across them; these have now been withdrawn, and the new stamps take their place.

I regret to record the fact that Mlle. Adeline Genée, one of the most charming and fascinating dancers the Empire has brought forward for some years, will leave us at the end of next season. She tells me of pending engagements in New York, and alternative ones in Germany, but wherever she appears there will be a warm welcome for her. I know of no *première danseuse* in London, Paris, Milan, or Naples who has so entirely succeeded in bringing her work up to date without sacrificing anything of its artistic value. Mlle. Genée comes from Denmark, her training has been German, her experience cosmopolitan. She has been very quick to recognise that the British public does not place the same value upon technique as its fathers did, and at the same time she has realised that the so-called "Italian School" is the foundation of all good dancing. Consequently, her concessions to the public mood have not been made at the expense of her technique, though she confessed to me that the long skirts she wears in "Round the Town Again" were a great trial to her at first. I think Mlle. Genée, did not her modesty intervene, might claim to be the most popular *première* the Empire has ever engaged. Others may have had as many friends in some places, but none has enjoyed to an equal extent the confidence of the directors, the esteem of the managers, and the favour of the audience. I venture to say that, if Mlle. Genée were not anxious to fulfil engagements elsewhere, she would find London ready and willing to retain her services, and Londoners prompt and anxious to recognise their merits. In any case, she must arrange to return to town at an early date.

This fine old house, situated at Six Mile Bottom, was formerly the residence of Mr. W. H. Hall, and the shooting-box of H.R.H. the Duke



SHOOTING-BOX OF THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE AT SIX MILE BOTTOM DESTROYED BY FIRE ON SEPT. 23 LAST.

Photo by P. Moon, Newmarket.

of Cambridge. It arrived at its present forlorn state owing to an outbreak of fire on Sept. 23 last.

Madame Bernhardt's appearance as Hamlet was inevitably bound to stimulate other actresses to essay the rôle of the melancholy Prince of Denmark, which has fascinated so many women in the history of the stage. The latest of the woman-Hamlets is Miss Julia Arthur, the young American actress who some time ago appeared with Sir Henry Irving at the Lyceum Theatre, and of whose ability a high estimate was formed. Miss Arthur has determined to "star" in this part in the United States this season, and her portrait shows her to be a decidedly youthful-looking Prince. What woman, indeed, would ever make up to look thirty, which was Hamlet's age, even for the sake of acting the greatest character in the English language? Miss Arthur's dress is the traditional black tunic, open at the throat and showing underneath a white shirt with unbuttoned collar. Around her neck is a chain, around her waist is a jewelled belt from which hangs a dagger, while, following the fashion set by Edwin Booth when he was a young man, the thongs of her shoes are cross-gartered about the leg and fastened just below the knee. What the United States will say of Miss Arthur's Hamlet remains to be seen.

Some seven years ago there appeared at the Empire a youthful serio-comic and male-impersonator, named Elsie Leslie, and now, after this long interval, she is back again in town—this time, though, at the Alhambra. During these seven years Miss Leslie has visited most of the principal Continental cities, including Vienna, Naples, Buda-Pesth, Odessa, St. Petersburg, Leipzig, and Dresden, in all of which places she has met with the same unbounded success that she has now achieved in Leicester Square. As a matter of natural sequence, Miss Leslie is an excellent linguist, speaking, as she does, Italian, German, Hungarian, and Russian, as well as a smattering of various other languages. Her voice is a deep contralto of wide compass, and her "turn" is essentially of the refined order.

Miss Leslie is an Australian, with a pretty face and figure, and is a welcome visitor to London.

"The Degenerates" day-by-day is the latest bit of journalistic enterprise in New York, where, according to a private telegram which was received in London a few days ago by Mr. Grundy, this play is now being printed by one of the New York papers. There is no printed copy of the text, so the dialogue must have been taken down in shorthand for the purpose of this reproduction. It is scarcely likely to have any adverse effect on the booking for the play when Mrs. Langtry goes to America, for a modern play is always quite a different thing when it is acted from what it looks like in the manuscript—a fact to which the disastrous commencement of the season bears sufficient witness. All the same, however, the action raises a somewhat delicate question on the subject of International Copyright.



MISS ELSIE LESLIE.

It is a highly significant commentary on the Dreyfus Case to which attention has not hitherto been called that the proprietors of many of the laundries in Soho are, it is said, endeavouring to disassociate themselves from their French connections, in so far, at least, as they are arranging to have their signs altered. The decidedly French "Madame" is to be replaced by its English equivalent, "Mrs." These good people have, however, forgotten that Mr. Gilbert taught us that you may "gild the farthing if you will, it remains a farthing still"; but whether as Mrs. or Madame, they will still endeavour to wash the dirty linen of perfidious Albion, but in private, as heretofore.

Miss Letty Lind is following Mr. Arthur Roberts's example, and is appearing at some of the leading provincial music-halls. Miss Lind has been in Liverpool. Mr. Barton McGuekin, also, who used to be so well-known a member of the Carl Rosa Company, has gone over to the "halls." Mr. Fuller Mellish, who has been for long a member of the Lyceum company, is the latest actor to 'vert from the theatre to the music-halls. Mr. Mellish is going to play in the Coster sketch that he and Miss da Silva (Mrs. Martin Harvey) recently played at Miss Jennie Lee's benefit.

I regret that my good friend, Mr. Charles Knight, of Aldershot, the excellent photographer whose military subjects are so much appreciated by readers of *The Sketch*, was not credited with the photo of the "Black Watch in Reserve" last week. I would direct the attention of Mr. Knight and many other photographers to my "Notice to Contributors" in this week's issue.

On Sept. 19 last the All-England Croquet Club began their annual meeting at Wimbledon, when some very good entries were obtained. Miss Way, who played splendidly all through, came out the winner of the ladies and gentlemen's handicap singles, whilst Mr. Bruce and the

Countess of Cavan got through the first two rounds of the double handicap in triumph, but were defeated in the third round by Mr. F. Buszard and Mrs. Buszard. I congratulate Mr. A. Lillie, the hon. secretary, on the entire success of the meeting, an excellent account of which, with full particulars as to names and results, will be found in the *Field*, dated Sept. 23.

The discovery by the Paris police of a skeleton in the cellars of the hôtel of M. Villmessant, the founder of the *Figaro*, brings back to my mind a story told me by Aurélien Scholl. Villmessant was one of those men that carried an unflinching wit under the most serious of countenances. He had applied to the Western Railway Company for four Press-passes to Dieppe, and arrived at the gate with his two friends and leading his little son by the hand. The official looked at the child and said, "But, m'sieu, he cannot be a journalist!" Villmessant scowled at him, and replied, "Do you know who you are addressing?" The man tremblingly admitted that he did not. "That young gentleman,



ALL-ENGLAND CROQUET TOURNAMENT AT WIMBLEDON.

Miss Way, Winner of the Ladies and Gentlemen's Handicap Singles.

is the distinguished Editor-in-Chief of the *Enfants' Chronicle*, published weekly at the price of a penny, with a substantial reduction if you take it for one year." As he clipped the ticket, that official looked as though he had organised a cyclone and got in front of it.

A stop has been put to the Paris police getting themselves up as dandies and rivals to the Municipal Guard. Their first break-away from regulations was to adopt a collar that reached up to the chin, and this was followed by an affection for patent-leather boots. Last week they asked permission to substitute the regulation white cotton service-gloves for those of kid. Then the Préfecture took up the question, and the *agent* will henceforth be as shambling and noisy as in the old days.

What had been a mystery to many during the weary "Affaire" was the views that Sarah Bernhardt had on the subject. The answer was given at the funeral of Scheurer-Kestner, for the most beautiful wreath came from her own garden, and was dedicated to the "Apostle of the Truth." Many had imagined that her views had been largely influenced by François Coppée, for whom she has always had a kindly regard, on account of the fact that it was in his "Le Passant" that she made her début. But now that Coppée himself has dropped his militant anti-Dreyfusism, and is apparently wobbling between his old ideas of Atheism, his nervous desire for Catholicism, and an excited craving to adopt the religious tenets of all known creeds, Sarah Bernhardt has exercised her usual sound judgment.

Paul Déroulède, who is the central figure in the French plot, is one of the most kindly hearted men in the world, and one of the most foolish. He is no coward, which is more than can be said for the bulk of those that dragged him into the Boulangist affair and bolted across the frontier when there was the slightest danger. It was he, with Naquet, who took the flag to Boulanger at the Cercle Militaire and urged him to wave it and march on to the Elysée. I can see him to this day, tearing like a madman up and down the hall and chafing at the inaction of that vacillating man Boulanger. Here is a little story the truth of which I can personally vouch for. Déroulède is an Atheist. One day in full winter a little Sister of the Poor came to his flat and begged for the suffering. He put his hand into his pocket and pulled out every farthing he had, saying to his servant at the same time, "Tell her that I refused, and that these are your savings. You understand."

They have nearly finished in Paris the commemorative monument to the victims of the terrible Charity Bazaar catastrophe. The stonework is done, the decorations are far advanced, the dedication is near at hand, and Paris is embellished with one more work of art. Unfortunately, the moral side of this work is not as satisfactory to all concerned. For the victims were not only Catholics, they were also Protestants and Israelites, and yet Cardinal Richard has covered their ashes with a chapel to the Virgin! There are those that ask, why did it not occur to

Cardinal Richard that it would have been respectful to all the dead, and a solace to all the living, if this monument, which is, in reality, a tomb, had been dedicated simply to God?

An adventuress, Madame Limousin, has just died at Paris whose fame once rang round the world. She was a principal actor in the two great politico-military scandals that preceded by twelve years the Dreyfus scandal. In the Wilson affair, which occurred under the Presidency of Jules Grévy, it was she that, in collusion with General Cafferel, managed the traffic in decorations. She furnished the moneyed clients, while the General, who was a predecessor of General Mercier at the Etat-Major, with the complicity of Grévy's son-in-law, Wilson, furnished the decorations. The scandal caused the demission of M. Grévy. As to the compromised General, he was completely forgotten till recalled to the public mind by La Limousin's death last week, when it was discovered that he is earning an honest if humble living in the Faubourg St. Antoine as a wine-merchant. Advice to General Mercier. The second exploit of La Limousin was in the Boulanger affair, where she played the part of "veiled lady." If she has not been active in the last scandal, at least it is a curious circumstance that she should come to the surface again in the newspapers before it is fairly over, as if she took it to heart to die in a familiar moral environment.

An actress playing small parts in a Berlin theatre has turned her marriage to some account. The usual formal invitation has been suppressed in favour of something that reads like this: "Fräulein X. invites all her friends and admirers to see her début in a piece called 'Marriage.' The other part will be taken by Herr X. It will depend on the latter whether this play turns out a comedy or a drama." I admire the courage of a man that could read this and then walk to the altar.

Here is a terrible to-do—

DEAR EDITOR,—Did it occur to the writer of the article on "Frocks and Furbelows" in to-day's *Sketch* that, in making his more than unkind remarks about what it pleases him to call "beefy matrons," he might be wounding the feelings of a large contingent of your readers? You know, the majority of English women are large: your contributor almost suggests that the dear creatures should be removed off the face of the earth, that they may not offend our refined senses. I call them "dear creatures"—they are dear creatures, far more amiable than we thin folk. More generous, better-tempered, broader-minded. Excessive fat is an affliction, like a humped back. What should we think of the person who laughed at a woman so afflicted? The "beefy matrons" are reproached with their style of dress. Who will design for them when we can devote our energies to the "slim, sylph-like, and shapely" damsels who repay our exertions so well.

Occasionally, an old-fashioned paper will publish a hideous plate, and label it "Charming Dress for a Matron," but the better-class papers leave them severely alone.

If the women who are "a sort of plein-air nightmare" endeavour to reduce their "too, too solid flesh" by taking open-air exercise, they will offend the sensitive people.

My mother, a typical British matron, has been reduced almost to tears on reading that offending paragraph. My sympathy impels me to implore you to publish in your next issue a word of comfort for our poor dear mammas.

Trusting to your kindly heart, I am, dear Editor, yours faithfully,

A THIN WOMAN.

Dear Madam, be comforted. You have quashed us. We may not laugh at plump people, and, after this epistle, we certainly dare not smile at thin ones. Who would be a male bird?



ALL-ENGLAND CROQUET TOURNAMENT AT WIMBLEDON.

Lady Cavan and W. W. Bruce (Gold Medallist and winner of an important match this year at Queen's Club) in the Double Handicap.

I saw some very pleasing hop-picking "living pictures" at Buriton, in Hampshire. There, all the village people turn out to pick hops, and most of the "outside" hoppers come from Portsmouth. Here are a few snapshots of typical characters to be found amongst the pickers. The adults pick down from the poles, whilst the "kiddies" pick the blossoms and throw them into the baskets.

An Irish correspondent writes to point out what he thinks to be a slight error contained in a paragraph in a recent issue on "the compact little Army" in readiness for South Africa should it unfortunately be needed. He points out that, in saying there are no Irish or Welsh regiments of Light Infantry, I had forgotten the Irish Rifles. Let me assure my correspondent that I had not forgotten the old 83rd (County Dublin) and the 86th (Royal County Down), once known respectively as "Fitch's Grenadiers" and "The Shropshire Volunteers," but now combined as the "Royal Irish Rifles."

In speaking of "Light Infantry" regiments, I was not referring to green-coated Riflemen, but to scarlet-coated "Light Bobs." The reputation of the Royal Irish Rifles is too well-established to need any encomiums from me, and, personally, I am glad to note that the Inniskillings and Royal Irish Lancers, together with a large number of Irish Infantry regiments—the Royal Irish Fusiliers and the Royal Dublins being represented by both battalions—are at or going to the front. If there is not an Irish Light Infantry regiment, there ought to be, for the dash and "go" of the national temperament are just what is needed in such troops. My own sentiments cannot be better expressed than by quoting a remark said to have been made by Her Majesty on seeing the famous old "Royal Irish" march past at a Review some years ago, "Them's the boys for me!"

I heard a good dog-story the other day, the subject of which is worthy of the *Spectator*, or the pencil, had it been yet available, of Landseer or George Cruikshank—preferably the latter. Moreover, it is perfectly true. R. L. Stevenson tells of the sagacity of a sheep-dog which separated its master's stray sheep from another flock, and never made a mistake. This dog goes one better. It is owned by a shepherd in Scotland who sometimes tastes and tastes the barley-bree until his gait is a little unsteady. Whenever his dog receives a command from him when in this condition, it stares at its master for a minute, then turns tail and runs away home. It will not take an order from him when his eye and gait show he has been "tasting." So, very often, he is left in the lurch, with his sheep running in two different directions, and, just at the time when his canine friend could be of most use, it disappears.

One of the hardest and certainly one of the most interesting medical officers in the service under the Crown is Dr. W. J. Ansorge, who has recently returned to England from Uganda, having accomplished the journey in a record time. His house in Bedford Park (writes a correspondent) is simply crammed with tropical treasures of every description which he has collected during his period of office as principal medical officer in the Uganda Protectorate—indeed, like the rooms of the late Frank Buckland, at Oxford, they are literally possessed of an odour of physical science. Among his most interesting possessions are some of the identical arrows which are used by the race of Pigmies in the Great Forest upon which Sir H. M. Stanley and other subsequent travellers have

had so much to say. The peculiarity of these little weapons is that, in place of the ordinary feathers at the tip, a leaf is inserted in a slit which is made in the top, and is said to answer exactly the same purpose. Dr. Ansorge has related his experiences in a most entertaining volume.



SNAPSHOTS IN THE HOP-FIELDS: SOME YOUTHFUL LABOURERS.



SNAPSHOTS IN THE HOP-FIELDS: AN INDUSTRIOUS GIRL.



SNAPSHOTS IN THE HOP-FIELDS: A VETERAN PICKER.

Lady Juliette Lowther, the lovely daughter of a lovely mother, was said to be the wittiest as well as the prettiest debutante of last Season. Unlike most modern mothers, Lady de Grey, who was for so long known to an admiring world as Gladys, Lady Lonsdale, does not care to see very young girls brought forward; accordingly, Lady Juliette was not seen by the great world till after she had been presented. Even at the Crewe-Primrose wedding many people inquired as to who the tallest as well as the most beautiful of Lady "Peggy's" bridesmaids could be. Lady Juliette strongly recalls her mother at the same age, but she has more vivacity of expression, and her conversation is unusually clever and polished. The niece of Lord Lonsdale on the one hand, and of Lord Pembroke on the other, Lady Juliette has a great love of outdoor life and sport, joined to a keen interest in the intellectual side of things.



LA BELLE EL DERIDO, THE LATEST PARISIAN BEAUTY.

Photo by Gosta Florman, Stockholm.

and Lord de Grey have had a great deal to do with the astonishing recent success of opera in London. Lady de Grey spends a portion of each year in Paris, where she has a charming flat. Accordingly, she is as popular in French as she is in English Society. Lord de Grey does not share his father Lord Ripon's interest in politics. He is perhaps the keenest sportsman in the United Kingdom, and is generally included in most of the shooting-parties made up each autumn in honour of the Prince of Wales and of the Duke of York.

A very interesting Royal engagement, and one which affects the British Court in a double sense, has just been made public. Princess Elizabeth of Waldeck-Pyrmont, the youngest sister of Queen Emma of Holland and of the Duchess of Albany, is to marry the eldest son of the Count and Countess of Erbach-Schönberg. The bridegroom's mother (once Princess Marie of Battenberg) is, of course, the sister-in-law and intimate friend of Princess Henry of Battenberg (Princess Beatrice). The family of Erbach-Schönberg ranks among the most ancient of the German nobility. They number in their genealogical tree many heroes and paladins, and shortly after her marriage Princess Beatrice translated from the German a charming volume of legendary lore concerning the exploits of a mediæval Count von Erbach.

The present Count von Erbach-Schönberg served in the Hessian Army, and his marriage to Princess Marie of Battenberg took place at Darmstadt in 1871. They have three children. The Hereditary Count, whose marriage is now announced, and who is named after his maternal grandfather, Prince Alexander of Hesse, is twenty-seven, and is an officer in the 1st Hessian Dragoon Regiment. The other two children are much younger. Count Victor is nineteen, and Countess Marie, who has often been a guest at the British Court with her mother, is sixteen. The bride, Princess Elizabeth, is a year younger than her future husband. The wedding is to be celebrated at Arolsen, the bride's home, and is to be made the occasion of a great family gathering. This alliance shows that the excellent example set by the British Royal Family in occasionally intermarrying with great noble but non-royal houses is being followed on the Continent.

Sir George Scott Robertson, who is to stand in the Liberal interest for Stirlingshire, will, if he is returned, be able to place at the disposal of Parliament his great knowledge of the difficult problems of Indian frontier policy. High in the records of British heroism stands the thrilling story of the siege of Robertson and his gallant band, in March and April 1895, in the snow-bound fort of Chitral, by the wild and fierce Kafirs of the Hindu Kush, led by Shere Afghul and Umra Khan. Sir George Robertson is not yet fifty,



LA BELLE EL DERIDO RESTS BETWEEN THE "FURNS."

Photo by Gosta Florman, Stockholm.

and began his career as a doctor, but he has seen more adventure than falls to the lot of many soldiers. After studying at the Westminster Hospital Medical School, he entered the Indian Medical Service in 1878, and went on active service the very next year in the Afghan campaign.

Since the year 1880 he has been almost continuously employed in conducting delicate political work on the Gilghit frontier of Kashmir, keeping a watchful eye on the quarrelsome native tribes, and making himself both feared and loved by their crafty chieftains. Both on his father's and his mother's side Sir George Robertson comes from Orkney stock. He is a tall, dark man, with a singular charm of manner, which has no doubt stood him in good stead in his frontier experiences. He was created a Companion of the Star of India in 1892, and his Chitral exploit won for him promotion to be Knight-Commander of that high order. Lady Robertson is a daughter of Samuel Lawrence, the painter.

The *American Critic* gives a list of Mr Andrew Carnegie's public benefactions, which now exceed £1,300,000. The largest, of £600,000, is for the founding and endowment of the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburg. There is no doubt that our millionaire has free libraries on the brain. When will he send some of his surplus into other commendable channels—into his own workshops, for example?

THE NEWEST BEAUTY IN PARIS.

When you find yourself face to face with a charming lady wearing a King's ransom of diamonds as though they were simply glass beads, a white silk costume that must have cost the designer many sleepless nights, and a wonderful hat that blots out earth and sky, the hardest interviewer loses his nerve. And all the time that you were endeavouring to force your intelligence to make some remark that was worthy of the occasion, there was the "tap-tap-tap" of a pair of opera-glasses on the table, for La Belle el Derido, once having finished her performance at the Nouveau Cirque, was anxious to rush off to the Folies-Bergère. Five minutes was all that she could give, and there was that "tap-tap" beating out the seconds. To ask the lady who was the rage of Paris, and whose beauty had put all rivals into the shade, as to where she was born, what her religious convictions were, and if she had private information regarding the Dreyfus Case, were ridiculous, and, in desperation, I plunged into a topic that has often interested me.



LA BELLE EL DERIDO IS CONDESCENDING TO OUR INTERVIEWER.

Photo by Gosta Florman, Stockholm.

I decided to talk on the subject of the side-saddle for ladies, because the appearance of El Derido in magnificent divided flowing skirts of satin has brought once more this question before the Parisian public. She caught up my question almost before it was uttered. "The side-saddle," she said, "is ridiculous—it is unsafe and frightfully ugly. No woman has any hold over her horse except by the use of the whip, whereas a man can easily control it by the force of his knees." Then, breaking into a laugh, she continued: "Do you for one minute mean to tell me that the present way in which a lady mounts is elegant? She rides astride on one side of the horse, that is all, instead of on its back."

"Let me say at once that I detest anything that is unwomanly, and, even against my conviction, I never dream of riding in the Bois save with the side-saddle. But what a difference that bowing-down to the rules of Society makes! You have no longer that complete control of the horse. You do not ride it; it pulls you along. Frankly, I am at a loss to understand why a lady who rides in knickerbockers on a bicycle blushes at the idea of mounting a horse astride."

I hinted, "You would hardly advocate that one and the same costume should do for the two exercises?"

"Oh, never, never! The dress should be loose and flowing—so loose, in point of fact, that, once off the horse, no one should even notice that the skirt was divided. Anything mannish would be ugly and detestable. I am only telling you what any lady would tell you. So to speak, the riding-dress of a woman is that of a man with a long skirt spread over it to hide the fact. The present way in which a woman rides is trying, insane, and even painful. With a divided skirt, I have no fear of any mortal horse that ever drew the breath of the prairie or civilisation; but stuck up on one side of it is another matter."

As the too brief interview closed, La Belle suggested, "I hope I haven't been speaking as though I were some social reformer."

Personally, I don't know; I have only faithfully chronicled.



[Photo by Lallie Garet-Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.]

MISS EDITH YEOLAND, MISS LILY HANBURY'S LOVELY UNDERSTUDY IN "THE DEGENERATES," AT THE HAYMARKET.

The debut of Miss Edith Yeoland was made in "Madame Sans-Gêne," at the Lyceum, and during the run of Sir Henry Irving's successful play she accepted an engagement from Mr. Herbert Beerbohm Tree to understudy Miss Lily Hanbury as Calphurnia in "Julius Cæsar," a part for which her fine presence and handsome, expressive face lent peculiar physical qualifications. The lot of an understudy is never a gracious one, for appearances are usually made when the limelight of public criticism is not directed towards the scene of her labours. Principals are occasionally taken ill, but they are never ill on a first-night. Miss Yeoland is fortunate in having been associated with the best-known people in the theatrical profession. Mrs. Patrick Campbell took her on tour with her repertory company, and in "Magda" the young actress was given a character-part, which she "dressed" with scrupulous conscientiousness. The frumpish "make-up" gave no clue to the charming face beneath. At present, Miss Yeoland is again understudying Miss Hanbury, this time at the Haymarket. Whatever differences of opinion may exist concerning the moral qualities of "The Degenerates," there is no question as to the charm of the female artists, and, when Miss Yeoland has her chance, she will do credit to the managerial selection. To good looks she adds a captivating manner and vivacity, earnestness and enthusiasm, and these should ensure her success. Her fascinating sister, Miss Ida Yeoland, has already been portrayed in "The Sketch," which cordially wishes well-deserved good fortune to both ladies.



MISS LILY HANBURY, THE HEROINE OF "THE DEGENERATES," AT THE HAYMARKET.

SPECIALLY PHOTOGRAPHED AT HOME FOR "THE SKETCH" BY R. W. THOMAS, CHEAPSIDE.

FOR THE FRONT!

LORD WOLSELEY OVERWHELMED WITH APPLICATIONS.

Acting apparently on the excellent maxim that the best means of maintaining Peace is to be properly prepared for War, the Government have at length made ready for eventualities in a business-like manner. The pity of it is, of course, that they neglected to start a little earlier in the day, for, had we had a really large garrison in South Africa three months ago, the necessity for despatching there the better part of an Army Corps just now would not have arisen. Ten thousand men on the spot are of more use than twice that number on a troopship *en route*. However, nothing can be undone, and so, without wasting time or type in useless lamentations for lost chances, one may as well take the opportunity of heartily congratulating the authorities on their present vigorous action. According to the latest return, the war strength of the Transvaal Republic consists of 26,000 white men, of whom 14,200 are between the ages of eighteen and twenty-four. To try conclusions with these,

LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR GEORGE STEWART WHITE, V.C.,

accompanied by a distinguished Staff, has already gone out in command of a considerable force. Should necessity arise, he will be followed later on by further reinforcements under General Sir Redvers Henry Buller, V.C., who, on his arrival, will take chief command of all the British troops in the field. For the present, however, we need only concern ourselves with the forces that are in South Africa at the moment.

At the head of these, in Natal, is Lieut.-General Sir G. S. White, V.C., with Lieut.-General Sir F. Forestier-Walker at the Cape. Like many another soldier of often-proved ability and valour, Sir George is an Irishman. Educated at Sandhurst, he joined the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers forty-six years ago, and first smelled powder in the Mutiny Campaign. In 1878 (after some twenty-five years' service)—and comparatively late in his career—his great chance came. Being a true strategist, Sir George seized it with effect. At this time he was a Major in the Gordon Highlanders (into which he had exchanged), and, with the regiment, took part in the Afghan War that had just commenced.

At every action of importance throughout that hotly contested campaign, Major White was well to the front, and, on the conclusion of hostilities, found himself a made man. Thus, he was now not only a Brevet Lieut.-Colonel and a C.B., but was also empowered to append to his name the magic letters V.C. This proud distinction was awarded him for his conspicuous gallantry at Charasiah on Oct. 6, 1879. In 1884, as A.A.G. and Q.M.G., he served in the Nile Expedition, and

GAINED GOLDEN OPINIONS OF LORD WOLSELEY.

Then came four years of active service in Burmah, where he so distinguished himself that on the restoration of peace he received the thanks of the Government and the Commander-in-Chief in India, special promotion to the rank of Major-General, and a K.C.B.-ship. When in 1890 the Zhoib Field Force was organised, White was given the command as a matter of course, for it had now come to be felt that no properly conducted campaign was complete without him. Soon afterwards he was made

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN INDIA,

and although his appointment to this post was rather adversely criticised at the time (on account of the large number of senior officers who were necessarily superseded), subsequent events amply justified the selection. Coming home last year, he went to Pall Mall as Q.M.G., and was just on the point of relieving Sir Robert Biddulph in the Governorship of Gibraltar when the gathering of the war-clouds in the Transvaal suddenly occasioned his departure for South Africa.

Although Sir George has not hitherto served in that country, this fact need not be accounted to his disadvantage, for he will have the assistance of a splendidly trained Staff, of whom the majority know South Africa well. Several of them, too, are old comrades of his on many a hard-fought field. Thus,

COLONEL IAN S. M. HAMILTON,

his Chief Staff Officer, is a former Gordon Highlander, and was present with White in Afghanistan, Egypt, Burmah, and on the North-West Frontier. He knows the Boers too, for, as Aide-de-Camp to the late General Colley (who, by the way, was his brother-in-law), he served in the campaign of 1881. Another point in this officer's favour consists in the fact that he is the ex-Commandant of the School of Musketry, Hythe.

Other members of his Staff who have been with White in India or elsewhere are

COLONEL BEAUCHAMP DUFF, C.I.E.,

an officer with a great deal of frontier fighting experience; and Captain R. G. Brooke, 7th Hussars, who is one of the General's Aide-de-Camps. Colonel C. E. Beckett, C.B., 3rd Hussars, and Colonel H. M. Lawson, R.E., have already won their spurs in Egypt. With so distinguished a soldier as

MAJOR-GENERAL J. D. P. FRENCH

to command them, the Cavalry contingent will be in thoroughly capable hands. General French is an ex-Hussar, and has lately been at the head of the Cavalry Brigade at Aldershot. He is a born leader of men,

and what he does not know about horses would not occupy much room. He, too, like many of his comrades, has seen active service in the Land of the Pharaohs.

A well-known military maxim is to the effect that "an army marches on its stomach." This, being interpreted, means that troops must be well fed before they can be expected to do good work. Consequently, the utmost importance attaches to everything connected with the Commissariat and Supply Department. As this, however, is to be attended to by an officer of

LIEUT.-COLONEL E. D. WARD'S

reputation, Atkins need have no qualms on this point. As an organiser, Colonel Ward is second to none, and his work in connection with the business management of the annual "Tommy's Tournament," at Islington, needs no recapitulation here. At the head of the Transport with an Army in the field, he is essentially the right man in the right place. Altogether, it appears very evident that, whatever turn events may take, our forces in South Africa will have the advantage of the pick of the commissioned ranks to lead them. This, then, being the case, the public may appropriately remember (in the words of George R. Sims, in a musical comedy) that although—

Our Army may be little,
You've heard before to-day

That a Little British Army goes a — long way!

Here' to their good fortune!

HORACE WYNDHAM.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE TRANSVAAL.

A gentleman long resident in South Africa writes—

"Each mail from the Transvaal continues to bring detailed information of the bad state of things in that unhappy country. Correspondents bitterly complain of the procrastination of the British Government in delaying the settlement. Some go so far as to think that Oom Paul and his canting friends will yet score another trick, as they have scored in all other settlements, the last of which was the Swaziland dispute, arranged after a delay of four years at a maximum expense with a minimum of results to the British Government.

"The present state of South Africa seems indeed a pitiful one, and apparently will remain so

UNTIL KRUGER DISAPPEARS FROM POLITICAL LIFE.

Any change would be preferable to the present state of affairs, and we pray that it may come speedily.

"At this moment, there is scarcely a company in South Africa attempting any fresh development. Firms are working only where they have an absolute profit in view, though that is difficult to secure owing to the exodus of Uitlanders. The result is that men with small capital cannot hold on; and, on the Randt in particular, the big houses are buying up quietly.

"Sooner or later,

JOHANNESBURG WILL BELONG

to an amalgamation of about three companies or groups: (1) The Barnato (including Lewis and Marks); (2) The Ecksteins; and (3) The French, or Continental, group, represented by Neumann and Co., King and Co., and others. The Barnato group will be the most powerful: the children of Judah got well ahead in early days; the Ecksteins, including Wernher, Beit, and Rhodes, will come next; and the Continental crowd will hold the residue of good properties. That is just the trend of political events caused by Kruger's war against the Uitlanders and capital. If the old man only knew it, he is benefitting the very people against whom his malice is directed, and not he nor his Burghers will be able much longer to fight against such a combination of capital.

"IN THE EVENT OF HOSTILITIES

taking place, the probability is that fighting will take place at or near the places where engagements occurred in the last Boer War. But it must be remembered that at that time no such town as Johannesburg had then been thought of. It is now the largest city in the Transvaal. It is to be hoped that

THE FIGHTING ABILITIES OF THE BOERS WILL NOT BE UNDERESTIMATED,

as, without doubt, previously happened. I have heard it stated by many that the Boer of to-day is not the marksman of the Boer of the past, and, when asked for the reason for such a statement, have been told that, owing to the comparative scarcity of game now in the Transvaal, he does not indulge in the almost daily practice of hunting as in years gone by. This is quite an erroneous belief. Their pleasures, or hobbies, are few, but their love of shooting is born with them. Almost from childhood the greater number of Boer youth are continually practising rifle-shooting, at bottles, trees, ant-heaps, and other such objects. I have seen many a Dutch lad who would beat an average good European marksman.

"IN HORSEMANSHIP

likewise we should find them no mean rivals. Their hardihood in the veldt is not to be despised. For whole days they will live in contentment on a small piece of dried meat, called 'biltong,' sleeping at nights in the open without blanket or other cover. At up-country stores I have frequently seen them make a banquet off a tin of sardines, together with one of condensed milk, washed down with a tot of Hollands gin, a meal at which 'Tommy' might turn his nose up."

OFF TO THE FRONT!



COLONEL ALDERSON,
COMMANDING THE MOUNTED INFANTRY.



MAJOR-GENERAL FRENCH, COMMANDING THE CAVALRY NOW
ON THEIR WAY TO THE CAPE.



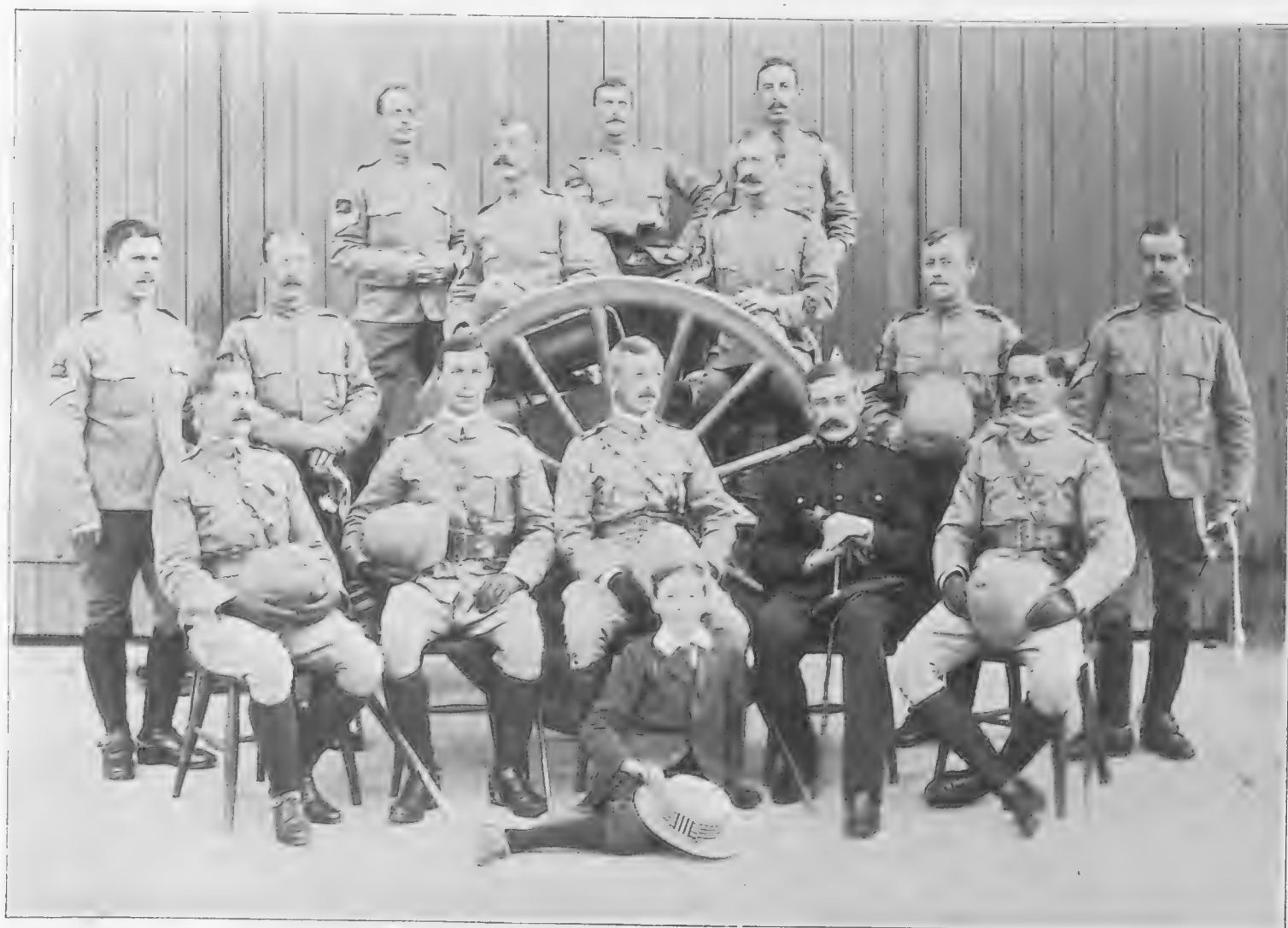
ENTRAINING COLONEL HALL'S GUNS AT ALDERSHOT.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES KNIGHT, ALDERSHOT.

OFF TO THE FRONT!



THE ROYAL DUBLIN FUSILIERS, UNDER ORDERS FOR THE CAPE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT ALDERSHOT BY J. T. CUMMING, ALDERSHOT.



Major Granet,
MAJOR GRANET, OFFICERS, AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE 62ND BATTERY R.F.A., WHICH HAS LEFT FOR THE CAPE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES KNIGHT, ALDERSHOT.

LIEUT.-COLONEL J WILLCOCKS, C.M.G., D.S.O

How often have private trading companies assisted in Empire-making! English history especially teems with such instances, of which the East India Company and the Hudson Bay Company are notable examples, while the latest instance is afforded in the case of the Niger Company, which, after twenty years of splendid administrative work and arduous undertaking in developing and tranquilising the country, has contracted, under Act of Parliament, to hand over the administration of Nigeria to Imperial control.

A few days ago I had the good-fortune to meet Lieut.-Colonel J. Willcocks, who during the past fourteen months has been serving in Nigeria, while for eight months of that period he has done duty as Deputy-Commandant and Assistant-Commissioner, in the absence of Colonel Lugard, and he now succeeds that officer as Commandant of the Imperial troops, Colonel Lugard himself having been nominated Governor of Nigeria.

The present Ministry has been particularly happy in its selection of military officers to important commands, and in its choice of Governors; and the appointments of Colonel Lugard—than whom no more able officer could possibly be found for taking over the administration of a new country—and of Lieut.-Colonel Willcocks as Commandant, are instances in point.

Lieut.-Colonel Willcocks has seen much service since he joined the Army and the Leinster Regiment, to which he still belongs, in 1878. He took part in the Cabul Campaign of 1879-81, he was employed in the Waziri Expedition, and in 1885 he was appointed to the Staff during the Soudan Campaign. The next year he served with the Field Force in Burmah. He took part in the expedition against the Chin Lushais, assisted in the punishment of the insurgents at Manipur, and served on the Staff in the expedition against Tirah in the North-West of India.

"Would it be rash to ask you, Colonel Willcocks, if you are looking forward to your command in Nigeria?"

"Not at all," he replied, as he lighted a cigar. "I am quite delighted at the prospect of returning to Nigeria, the only drawback being that I must leave my wife and my son behind me, for the climate is not one to suit ladies and children; even this cigar would be utterly ruined by the damp, malarious atmosphere of West Africa, so I am smoking as many as I can just now," he replied with a hearty laugh. "Not that the climate affects me; I have never been better in my life, though I eat and drink the same as I do here?"

"What experience have you had of the country, Colonel?"

"Well, I was for three months in the Borgu country, which marched with the French frontier, and where we nearly came to blows with the French. We were kept ever on the alert, for the French continually made advances into our country, while we checkmated these moves by advancing into theirs, and so getting to their rear. It was hard work restraining our Houssas, while the French officers, no doubt, experienced the same difficulty with their Senegalese; indeed, more than once the men crossed bayonets."

"Now, tell me, what country do we gain under the New Anglo-French Convention?"

"Well, if you will look at this map, I will endeavour to show you. We gain all that country there to the north of the ninth parallel of latitude, from the north-east boundary of Dahomey, in about a straight line to Illo, on the Niger, which includes the country especially known as Borgu. Nigeria thus comprises a stretch of country about six hundred miles by five hundred miles. Many parts of this territory we know nothing about, especially to the north of the Benue River, either personally or by repute, with the exception of native accounts. These huge tracts are quite unexplored, and no Englishman has ever penetrated as far as Lake Chad, which is at the limit of our north-east frontier. Practically, we know little beyond the country on the right and left banks of the Niger and the Benue, a name which means the 'Mother of Waters.'"

"Let me see, where is the Benue?"

"It is this big river," said Colonel Willcocks, putting his finger on the

map, "which rises in the watershed neighbouring Lake Chad, or it may even issue from it, for all we know. It falls into the Niger at Lokoja, the headquarters of the Niger Company. No, that will not be our seat of Government, which is at Jebba, three hundred miles further up the river. A railway will shortly run there from Lagos via Abeokuta. Lokoja, you may note, is at the junction of the rivers, makes three waterways, something like the crest of the Isle of Man. Well, Sir George Taubman-Goldie, the Chairman of the Niger Company, being a Manxman, the Company suggestively adopted for their seal a very similar design."

"And does the river country afford good sport—I mean, as regards big game?"

"Undoubtedly. In the country on both sides of the Benue there is an abundance of elephants and bush-cow—a sort of buffalo—and lions are numerous, while every kind of antelope that walks Africa may be found. The country is very unproductive, however, as regards indigenous fruits and vegetables, and even in the towns we live chiefly on tinned provisions."

"Now, how many men will you have under your command?"

"Two battalions, made up of Houssas and Yorubas, three batteries of Artillery, and one company of Engineers. The Houssas, as I daresay you know, are Mahomedans, while the Yorubas are pagans and great believers in 'ju-ju'—in fact, their superstitious feeling is so deep-rooted that we allow the Yorubas to wear charms and amulets even when in uniform."

"Under the new administration do you expect trouble?"

"I think not. The administration of the country under Sir George Goldie has been distinguished by so much tact and firmness and straightforwardness that a sense of security amongst the people has been secured, and native gratitude has been established by the clearance out of the Fulah slave-raiders from the districts of the Benue River, while the suppression of the Emirs of Bida and Ilorin has worked wonders."

"Now, tell me, as regards trade, what advantages accrue by the new Anglo-French Convention over the condition of things as obtained under the Berlin Convention of 1884?"

"That is scarcely a question to ask a soldier, I think," replied Colonel Willcocks, with a laugh; "but I may tell you that the country is rich in minerals, while the feathers and palm-oil are important exports. But you must excuse my not entering fully into such matters, for the simple reason that I am not too well posted. However, anything concerning things

within my knowledge I shall be glad to tell you."

"What you have already told me is most interesting, and I am greatly indebted to you."

Colonel Willcocks, accompanied by some members of his staff, is now en route to the headquarters of his command.

T. H. L.



LIEUT.-COLONEL J. WILLCOCKS, C.M.G., D.S.O.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

THE WEST YORKSHIRE REGIMENT

The West Yorkshires—or "Calvert's Entire"—are one of the old two-battalion regiments, and, though raised in Kent, were, first, the "Bedfordshire," and afterwards the "Prince of Wales's Buckinghamshire." However, in 1881, they became a Yorkshire regiment, still retaining the title "Prince of Wales's," and the "Prince's Plume" as one of the regimental badges. At different times a two-battalion and three-battalion corps, from 1817 till 1857 it existed as a single battalion, when the present 2nd Battalion was raised in Ireland, and this has since taken part in the arduous New Zealand Campaign of 1863-5, and in the Afghan War of 1879-80, when it greatly distinguished itself. Colonel F. W. Kitchener joined in 1876, and, among other appointments, has been an "A.A.D.G." in India. In the last Afghan War, he served as Transport Officer with the Cabul Field Force, and was with "Bobs" in the advance on Cabul, also taking part in the various other engagements of the campaign, and being "mentioned" for his services with the Kama Expedition. His more recent Soudan experiences are too well known to need detailing here.



MR. SEYMOUR HICKS,

The smart young author-actor who is bold enough to try on Mr. Charles Wyndham's mantle at the Criterion. With characteristic dash and "go," he plays Mr. Mainwaring junior in "My Daughter-in-Law."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.



THE CHARMING AND POPULAR MISS ELLALINE TERRISS,

Who has just resigned her proud position as Queen of Comic Opera at the Gaiety to become a leading light in Comedy at the Criterion, where she completely bewitches the audience as Mrs. Mainwaring junior in "My Daughter-in-Law."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

THE RACE FOR THE AMERICA CUP.

"SHAMROCK" v "COLUMBIA"

It is perhaps superfluous to remark that the sport of yacht-racing is practically confined to the well-to-do classes. The public hear, and some of them read, of the Cowes Week and the Royal Yacht Squadron; but the names of the elegant "racing machines" and of their owners slip not glibly off the tongue as do those of racehorses and the men who run them, or of cricketers in the first-class rank. Apply an international spark to the sport, however, and the whole country is ablaze with excitement. To the large majority the dimensions and names of the various parts of the *Columbia* and the *Shamrock* are unmeaning terms. It is enough for the

related of this race that so great was the interest of the Royal party, who were on the yacht *Victoria and Albert*, that Lord Alfred Paget, on board the *Fairy*, was commissioned to go outside the Needles and signal as the yachts came in view. To the question, "Who leads?" came the reply, "The *America*." To the further question, "Who is second?" the answer was, "There is no second." As a matter of fact, the *America* rounded the Needles one hour ahead of any of her rivals, and it is possible that she would have won by this time had not the wind dropped and caused the rest of the race to be simply a drift. The winner



THE GREAT YACHT RACE: COMMODORE KAYNE, ON BOARD THE COMMITTEE-BOAT, GIVING ORDERS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BYRON, NEW YORK.

masses that these yachts are representatives respectively of America and England, and if Sir Thomas Lipton's magnificent vessel should happen to win the trophy, which was first competed for in 1851, he will indeed be exalted to the position of hero.

The first race of the series has been sailed, the day fixed for it being Oct. 3. Even more excitement has been shown in connection with this match than was the case on the eventful day of Aug. 22, 1851, when the *America*, in the presence of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, Prince Albert, and the Prince of Wales, won the cup given specially by the Royal Yacht Squadron. It was not a Queen's Cup, for which the *America* declined to compete in consequence of the time-allowance inseparable from such an event. For this race, notwithstanding the absence of a time-allowance, fourteen competed against the *America*. The course was "round the Isle of Wight," and the schooner, named after the country in which she was built, and in whose honour she was sailed, won handsomely. Indeed, she completely justified the very high opinions that had previously been formed of her as a sailing craft. It is

of this memorable race, it may here be stated, was built for the New York Yacht Club, conditionally that she proved herself superior to any American yacht then afloat. This she failed to do, and the Club declined to purchase her. Messrs. J. B. Stevens (Commodore of the New York Yacht Club), Hamilton Wilkes, E. A. Stevens, J. B. Finley, and G. L. Schuyler, convinced that she might be greatly improved, took her off the builders' hands, and achieved with her the success above chronicled.

The subsequent doings of this schooner, whose windward work was really wonderful, were somewhat extraordinary. She several times changed hands, and she was taken to pieces timber by timber, and rebuilt of English oak.

In 1860, her name was changed to *Camille*, and her then owner made use of her during the American War of Secession. She was chased by a Federal cruiser, and sunk in the Gulf of Florida, where she lay for a considerable time. Subsequently, she did service as a Government boat, and later in her career, she, in 1870, took part in the

race in which a first attempt was made to regain the cup given by the R.Y.S. in 1851.

This cup was offered to the New York Yacht Club, and, in 1857, by them accepted as a challenge prize which any organised yacht club of any foreign country might claim the right of competing for, under the conditions laid down by the proprietors. The first challenger was the late Mr. James Lloyd Ashbury, whose yacht was named *Cambria*. The race took place in 1871. In the following year Mr. Ashbury again challenged, this time sailing the schooner *Livonia*. No success was met with, and, though other attempts have been made—namely, in 1885, 1886, 1887, 1893, and 1895—the cup remains in the custody of the

won the golden opinions of all, as such gallantry and public spirit richly entitle him to. His splendid yacht, *Shamrock*, from the first evidently impressed Americans, not excluding the owners of the *Columbia*, and she was speedily pronounced to be the best yacht that had ever represented a challenger. Several mishaps were experienced by the visitor during the trials; but these apparently only helped to add to the zest of the *Shamrock's* owner and designer (Mr. Fife), and the way in which she behaved herself as the date of the first race was approached created a strong hope among Englishmen that, at last, a day of reckoning had been reached, and that, through the racing qualities of Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht, an opportunity would be afforded them



THE "COLUMBIA" IS A CLIPPER, AND NO MISTAKE.

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH OF THE BRITISH MUTOSCOPE AND BIOGRAPH COMPANY, LIMITED.

New York Yacht Club. It is noteworthy that in nearly all these races something unsatisfactory has occurred. Upon the last occasion the racing was undoubtedly interfered with by the crowding in of excursion-steamers, and doubtless the experiences of Lord Dunraven in 1895 with *Valkyrie III.* caused English yachting-men to begin to wonder whether it were possible for a fair contest to be secured in American waters.

In face of the repeated ill-success of English, Scotch, and Canadian yachtsmen in the races for this R.Y.S. cup, first won at Cowes by the *America* in 1851, Sir Thomas Lipton came forward, and not only in doing so has he greatly pleased Americans, but by his determination to leave nothing undone, no matter what the cost or trouble, he has

of welcoming an American rival to this country. Notwithstanding the excellence of one or more of the *Shamrock's* displays—particularly that of Sept. 23, when she is stated to have sailed a fifteen-knot course in 1 hr. 8 min. 30 sec.—Mr. Iselin expressed himself confident that the *Columbia* would win. On the other hand, those who should know most about the qualities of the *Shamrock*, her owner and captains, were equally confident. The race of Oct. 3 goes to show which party were the more correct in their estimate; but there are other races yet to be decided, namely, on Oct. 5, 7, 10, and 12. If the first three races are won by the same yacht, the match will be at an end. For the sake of yachting, it is to be hoped that the match will not be so one-sided.

THE BRITISH REPRESENTATIVE YACHT



SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S "SHAMROCK" WHETS HER APPETITE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SYMONDS AND CO., PORTSMOUTH.

IN THE RACE FOR THE AMERICA CUP.



THE "SHAMROCK" AND HER DEVOTED CREW.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SYMONDS AND CO., PORTSMOUTH.

"THE SKETCH" COMEDIES FOR HOME ACTING.

A REVULSION OF FEELING.

BY ARTHUR H. GIRDLESTONE.

SCENE I.

MRS. JACK ST. MAUDE'S Drawing-room in Hertford Street, Mayfair.
Time, 4.30 p.m. MRS. ST. MAUDE and her particular friend,
HILDA SURLITON, are drinking tea.

MRS. ST. MAUDE (*stirring her tea ferociously*). You may say what you like, Hilda, but I call it downright mean of Jack! If I had asked him for a new brougham now (and, goodness knows, I want one badly enough!), he *might* have pleaded poverty; but a wretched fancy-dress! Oh, it's too bad, really!

MRS. SURLITON. It does seem rather absurd, dear. Still, I know things have been rather bad in the City lately.

MRS. ST. MAUDE. But Jack's not in the City.

MRS. SURLITON. Everyone's in the City nowadays—that's to say, everyone gambles on the Stock Exchange. I speak as a stockbroker's wife, you know. It's only a question of degree.

MRS. ST. MAUDE. Things are only bad when one asks one's husband for a paltry cheque.

MRS. SURLITON (*reflectively*). It depends how often one asks.

MRS. ST. MAUDE (*disdainfully*). Or rather, on one's husband.

MRS. SURLITON. That reminds me that Tom ran across your old friend, Mr. Mosenthal, yesterday. He is back from South America or South Africa, or wherever it was he went to, with——

MRS. ST. MAUDE (*eagerly*). A wife?

MRS. SURLITON (*smiling*). No; more diamonds on his fingers than ever.

MRS. ST. MAUDE. Then he's not married?

MRS. SURLITON. Good gracious, no!—at least, not that I'm aware of. By the way, you were rather sweet that way yourself once, weren't you?

MRS. ST. MAUDE (*blushing*). He was a very nice man.

MRS. SURLITON. But Jack was nicer, eh?

MRS. ST. MAUDE. I—yes—I suppose so, *then*.

MRS. SURLITON (*surprised*). But surely you——

MRS. ST. MAUDE. My dear Hilda, you have been married exactly six months. I have been married four years. When——

MRS. SURLITON. When I have been married four years, I shall think exactly the same about my marriage as I do now.

MRS. ST. MAUDE. If you think about it at all. I don't, frankly.

MRS. SURLITON. You mean——?

MRS. ST. MAUDE. I mean that, if my name were Mosenthal instead of St. Maude, my husband would never have refused me a paltry new frock for the Duchess's ball. Whatever Mr. Mosenthal is, he is not close-fisted. Do you remember that diamond necklace he sent me as a wedding-present? Jack was furious about it: said it was better than the diamonds *he* gave me—which it certainly was, but that was no reason for losing one's temper. It took half-an-hour on one of my very best-looking days to get Jack to promise to let me keep it. As it is, I never dare wear it.

MRS. SURLITON (*decisively*). Then I should sell it, dear.

MRS. ST. MAUDE (*indignantly*). Sell it! Oh, Hilda, how can you?

MRS. SURLITON (*laughing*). By sending your maid round with it to Squarer's and getting the best price you can.

MRS. ST. MAUDE. But, Hilda, I really couldn't! You forget——

MRS. SURLITON. On the contrary, I remember. You told me yesterday that old thief Ravaline—she makes frocks admirably, I know, but her prices are beyond anything—was worrying you for her account. To-day you are looking—well, as near plain as ever you could look, because your husband won't buy you a frock for the Duchess's ball and you haven't got the money to buy it yourself. Yet all the time you have locked away upstairs, wasting its splendour on the desert air of your jewel-case, a valuable necklace which, for—er—domestic reasons, you never can wear.

MRS. ST. MAUDE. But I couldn't possibly sell it, Hilda. You—you forget who gave it me.

MRS. SURLITON (*aside*). So she was in love with that vulgar wretch, after all! (*Aloud*). I forget? Not I! It's just because things are—are as you say that you can't do better than sell it. You want the money. You don't want the necklace, except, if you don't mind my saying so, for stupid and—er—rather dangerous reasons. The inference is obvious. Get rid of it! (*Looking at the clock*). Good gracious! it's past six, and we've got to drive out to Hampstead, or some such outlandish place, to

dinner. I must be off at once, dear. No, don't ring. I'll let myself out. Good-bye, dearest. Take my advice, even though you have three and a-half years' matrimonial advantage of me. I'll come in after lunch to-morrow, and see what you get. Squarer's ought to come down handsomely for a thing like that. Good-bye, dear.

[*She kisses MRS. ST. MAUDE, and goes out.*]

MRS. ST. MAUDE (*dropping into an easy-chair*). Shall I? Or rather, can I? No—I can't; I can't! It's the only thing I have to remember him by, the only thing. (*Gets up, and pulls her chair nearer the fire*). I wonder why—I didn't marry him. I could have done, of course; and, if I had married him, I wonder if I should have been a happy woman. I believe, I am sure, somehow, I should. Jack's like a stone. I don't believe there's another man in the world would have refused his wife a frock when he knew her heart was set upon it. I am sure *he* wouldn't have. But Jack always *was* mean. Those diamonds must be worth a lot. "I am sending you," I remember *he* wrote to me, "some of the finest stones the world can produce. They came from one of the mines I am interested in, and I can guarantee their purity." He is a rich man, of course; but, even for a rich man, it was a wonderfully handsome present. And to think that *he* could do that for a woman who never could be anything to him, while Jack grudges the price of a new gown for his *darling little wife*! I can't part with them; they are the only thing I have to remember him by except his memory. Perhaps, after all, I can manage the dress myself. (*She goes over to a writing-table and takes a cheque-book out of the drawer*). Let me see, October 2, forty pounds; October 10, twenty-two pounds; October 21, thirty-two pounds; October 29, thirty pounds—That's for that hideous opera-cloak. What a fool I was!—November 3, twelve——. Oh, it's no good; I can't do it. The account is overdrawn already, and Ravaline clamouring to be paid, not to speak of the bill from the Maison Riche, and goodness knows how many others! I shall have to sell the diamonds. There's no other way, no other way at all. It's all Jack's fault, and I hate him for it, *hate* him! I wish to heaven I hadn't married him. I wish he had never been born, the mean wretch! I wish—but what's the good of wishing? Pauline shall take the necklace round to Squarer's to-morrow. I'll ring for her before I've time to change my mind and tell her. (*Rings bell and sinks back into a chair, trying not to cry*.)

(CURTAIN.)

SCENE II.

(*The same. Next day.*)

As the curtain rises, MRS. ST. MAUDE flings down a novel, and, rising from her chair, peers out of the window.

MRS. ST. MAUDE. Pauline ought to be back by now. I hope to goodness she will be careful with the money! I wonder how much Squarer's will give—a thousand, anyhow. I suppose stones like those aren't to be picked up every day. Ah! There's Hilda! She will be glad to hear I have taken her advice. She's an old-fashioned sort of girl in some ways, and I believe she thinks that, if I only get rid of Mr. Mosenthal's necklace, I shall get him out of my mind with it. She's one of those women who believe it's wrong for a wife ever to look at any man save her husband. Why (*with a smile*), Mr. Mosenthal will really, thanks to the necklace, be paying for my frock, not to speak of the other bills. If Hilda thinks that that will make Jack's meanness any more bearable, she must be mad. I simply detest Jack, and I believe, thickhead as he is, he's beginning to realise it at last.

[MRS. SURLITON is announced. MRS. ST. MAUDE leaves the window, crosses the room, and kisses her.]

MRS. ST. MAUDE. Sit down, dear. Now—what do you think I have got to tell you?

MRS. SURLITON (*eagerly*). You have sold the necklace?

MRS. ST. MAUDE. You've guessed it! At least, the diamonds have gone to Squarer's, and I am expecting Pauline back with the money every minute. Oh! I can tell you it has cost me something to part with them. But it's done now. After all, it was the only thing to do. I *must* have that frock, and I couldn't keep Ravaline waiting much longer. But, oh, Hilda, it *was* hard to do! I feel positively miserable.

MRS. SURLITON. Then you're like me. Tom's been called away to the country for a couple of days, and I feel just wretched all by myself.

MRS. ST. MAUDE. Silly girl! As if that was anything to worry over. Why, when Jack sent up this morning to say he was going away for a week, I sent back and asked him if he couldn't make it a month. And he was so angry that I shouldn't be surprised if he does. I really believe, Hilda, I shall have to get a separation or something. He's



MISS BELLE HARPER, UNDERSTUDY TO MISS EDNA MAY IN "THE BELLE OF NEW YORK."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN HER DRESSING-ROOM BY R. W. THOMAS, CHEAPSIDE.

getting simply unbearable. (*The bell rings.*) Ah! that is Pauline. (*Gets up, and walks impatiently up and down the room.*) I wonder what she has got. I certainly shan't take less than a thousand, would you?

[*SERVANT brings in card.*
 MRS. ST. MAUDE (*reading*). "Squarer and Son. Mr. James Montagu." Ah! I suppose they did not like to trust the money to Pauline, so sent one of their men down with it. Cautious people! (*To SERVANT.*) Show the gentleman into the dining-room. (*SERVANT retires.*) I shan't be a minute, Hilda. (*Goes out hurriedly.*)

MRS. SURLITON. Now, I wonder if my little scheme is going to come off. I told Jack to leave things to me, and I hope to goodness I haven't been too confident. I am quite certain that, whatever she thinks, that vulgar wretch, Mosenthal, never cared a bit for her. I am certain that poor Jack is as fond of her as—as Tom is of me. I am positive, too, that the diamonds never cost Mosenthal a thousand pounds. Why the man cannot pay a thousand for a necklace any more than my Tom could; and as for his story about being interested in mines, that's all moonshine. The fellow's a notorious swindler; everyone in the City knows that, Tom says, and how *she* never found it out, goodness only knows! However, this ought to open her eyes. There's only one thing to be afraid of. Mosenthal could never have given any woman diamonds which had cost him a thousand pounds, that I'm sure. But there's just the off-chance that he may have stolen them—he's capable of most things—and given them to her, knowing her husband would never let her wear them, to get them out of the way. I must take my chance of that. I don't think it's likely, but it's just possible. Well, we shall soon see.

[*MRS. ST. MAUDE re-enters. Her face is flushed, and there are tears in her eyes. She crosses the room without noticing MRS. SURLITON, drops into a chair, and bursts out crying.*

MRS. SURLITON (*aside*). Then my little scheme has come off. Thank goodness! (*To MRS. ST. MAUDE.*) Why, whatever is the matter, dear?

MRS. ST. MAUDE (*sobbing*). Matter! Anything, everything! That wretched man from Squarer's says—says the diamonds—Sam's—er—Mr. Mosenthal's diamonds—are all paste. He will give—just fancy!—fifteen pounds for the necklace!

MRS. SURLITON (*pretending surprise*). He says that?

MRS. ST. MAUDE (*sobbing bitterly*). Ye—es.

MRS. SURLITON (*going up and putting arm round her friend's neck*). Oh, Gladys, I am sorry! But, look here, dear; I have been saving lately, and, if it doesn't cost too much, I think I can manage the frock for you.

MRS. ST. MAUDE. Oh, bother the frock! I had forgotten all about that. I am thinking about—about—

MRS. SURLITON. Mr. Mosenthal?

MRS. ST. MAUDE. Ye—es. Fancy his saying they were real diamonds—"some of the finest stones the world can produce, from my own mines." Oh, the brute! And I believed him. And when he made love to me, I believed all that too. Oh, Hilda, what a fool, what a complete, comprehensive fool I have been!

MRS. SURLITON (*sympathetically*). We are none of us always wise, dear!

MRS. ST. MAUDE. And there's Jack. I've been a perfect beast to Jack, and all because of that—that wretched man. Not that I ever saw him since I was married, you know; but whenever Jack wouldn't let me do exactly what I wished, or have exactly what I wanted, I always used to think, "Things wouldn't have been like this if I had married Mosenthal; why didn't I marry Mosenthal instead of Jack?" Oh, I have been downright wicked to Jack! I see it all now. I wonder if he will ever forgive me. I don't believe (*beginning to cry*) he ever will. Only this morning he said I treated him like a dog and drove him out of the house. Oh, I wish he hadn't gone away! I wish he was here now, and I would show him that there was something nice about me, after all—that's to say, if he cared to speak to me—but I don't suppose he would. Do you, Hilda?

[*HILDA doesn't answer, but looks at the clock. MRS. ST. MAUDE throws herself on the sofa, sobbing violently. Unheard by her, the door opens, and JACK ST. MAUDE enters. He looks at HILDA, who gives him a smile and a significant nod, and then steals softly up to the sofa.*

MR. ST. MAUDE. Gladys (*she starts up*), I came to say good-bye, dear. I am going by the night-train. I was cross this morning. I am sorry.

MRS. ST. MAUDE. Sorry! But it is I who have to be sorry. Oh, Jack, will you forgive me? I—I— (*Falls sobbing into his arms. MRS. SURLITON, smiling, moves softly to the door.*)

MRS. SURLITON (*aside, turning round with her hand on the door-handle*). That's all right! (*Goes out.*)

MR. ST. MAUDE. Forgive you, darling? I have nothing to forgive. (*Kisses her.*)

(CURTAIN.)

THE "AMERICAN INVASION."

It would be a matter of considerable interest to discover who it is that is "stirring up a fuss" over the "American Invasion." Surely no Englishman could complain if Americans found their country so agreeable and interesting that they came here to spend their vacations, and incidentally leave behind with the London hotel-keeper and shopkeeper a few hundred thousand pounds annually. Considering that a goodly portion of these "invaders" are of British descent, or British-born, it would seem rather odd if any objection should be raised to their visiting these shores. The London shopkeepers, as before hinted at, will not be the ones very likely to engage in an adverse hue and cry. If American visitors are not objectionable to the natives of this fair isle, why the use of the word "invasion"? Why not "influx"?

But the use of the term has been largely applied in referring to the American dramatic companies now appearing here. It is quite apparent that a certain element objects to these visitors, some going so far as to point out that they deprive the local actor of employment, and hence should be driven out.

It would, however, be just as well to examine the theatrical account of England and America. Which country, by the way, has "suffered" most by "incursions" of "invaders"?

America was "invaded" by an English company over a hundred years ago, and the "invaders" have kept steadily invading ever since. Those who have objected to the presence of the American companies have little idea, very likely, of the extent of these "invasions." When "The Heart of Maryland" appeared here, three of the leading people were British-born, and the same is true numerically of Mr. Gillette's company which presented "Secret Service." In "The Belle of New York," as far as I know, there is but one Englishman—Mr. William P. Carlton. Mr. Carlton's father went to New York in 1874, a member of the Hess Opera Company, and has remained there since. Mr. De Wolf Hopper's company could as well be called English as American, when the nativity of its members is concerned. Mr. Hopper is of English extraction on "both sides of the house"; Mr. Charles Klein, who wrote the book of "El Capitan," was born and reared in London; Mr. John Sebastian Hiller, the conductor, is an Englishman, so also is Mr. Herbert Cripps, the stage-manager; Mr. Alfred Klein is a Londoner, and so is Mr. Henry Norman. At least one-half of the chorus, and all the principals, excepting Miss Nella Bergen, were either born in England or are of English extraction. It would appear from this showing that the "invasion" of America by Britishers was somewhat pretentious and eminently successful and satisfying.

Now let us see about how the "invaders" are making out. We will take the two leading dramatic companies of New York—Mr. Charles Frohman's Stock Company and Mr. Daniel Frohman's Stock Company. The leading men and the leading women of these organisations—Miss Jessie Millward and Mr. William Faversham, of Charles, and Miss Mary Mannering and Mr. Edward Morgan, of Mr. Daniel Frohman's company—are English. Other English actors in these two organisations are Miss Hilda Spong, Mr. Ferdinand Gottschalk, Mr. J. E. Dodson, Mr. William Crompton, and Mr. Felix Morris. There are very likely others, but I do not recall their names.

Now we come to "out and out" English companies who have "invaded" or who will "invade" America during the next twelve months.

Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry will shortly revisit America; Mr. Wilson Barrett and Mr. Beerbohm Tree have appeared to large profit in America, and will very likely make many more "invasions"; Mr. E. S. Willard has found the American field so profitable that he now confines his touring to that country almost exclusively; Miss Olga Nethersole, who is a great success in America with her full English company, left these shores to re-"invade" last month; Mr. George Alexander goes over in a short time, so also Mr. John Hare, who has brought back not a few American dollars. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal are great favourites overseas, and are now re-"invading." Even within the past few weeks, Mr. Charles Hawtrey has signed a contract to tour America with his own company in 1901. Mr. Hawtrey is the only English "star" who has not appeared in America. Dear old Dan Godfrey and his band are now harvesting a good crop of American dollars. America was a "bonanza" for the Vokes family, as it has been for very many English companies. Mr. Penley has sent over a company to present "A Little Ray of Sunshine," and it is not unlikely that Mr. George Edwardes will shortly "invade," as he has so often and successfully done in the past. For English dramatists America has been a veritable gold-mine.

From one season in America, Miss Vesta Tilley, Albert Chevalier, and George Lockhart, the elephant-trainer, brought back to England over twenty thousand pounds.

How does this list compare with the trifling 150 of American actors now "invading" London? To paraphrase a saying of Admiral Schley, "In the United States there are dollars and glory enough for all." America holds out its arms to foreign artists: they are welcomed with an open-handedness that surprises and astonishes them, and they are not spoken of as being "invaders" either.

So when a malecontent sets up a cry about an "American Invasion," let him consider what America has done for the English actor and how he has been treated there. Before there is any further talk on this subject, it would be just as well for Sir Henry Irving, Mr. Willard, Mr. Tree, Miss Nethersole, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Mr. Hare, and Mr. Edwardes to speak up on the subject.

H. A. B.

' THE ORDER OF THE BATH.'

Messrs. Morell and Malyon's amusing little sketch, entitled "The Order of the Bath," which was put on recently at the Palace Theatre, illustrates the unpleasantness which may arise through ignorance of the

a dressing-gown of pink crêpe-de-Chine trimmed with ermine, preparatory to the enjoyment of a warm bath. It would spoil sport to describe the subsequent proceedings of the embarrassed couple, beyond stating that the stratagem of knotting the towels together, as depicted in the photograph, with the object of making a rope-ladder, proving futile, the only solution of the compromising position was found in a proposal of marriage preferred



Miss Elliott-Page.

"THE ORDER OF THE BATH."

Mr. Scott Russell.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LANGFIER, OLD BOND STREET, W.

proper manipulation of an American lock when attached to a bath-room door. It is certainly a little embarrassing to find oneself locked in a hotel bath-room with a beautiful woman, within a few minutes of the hour when the electric-light is to be switched off, and with no possibility of escape even by the window. Such was the experience, however, of Captain Jack Lauticern (Mr. Scott Russell), who, having entered the bath-room and slammed the door, found himself in the presence of a Miss Millicent Chippendale (Miss Elliott-Page), who is about to remove

while the gentleman held a series of lighted matches in his hand. Miss Elliott-Page, looking exceedingly handsome, played with well-simulated distress, while Mr. Scott Russell led one to believe that the situation was scarcely new to him. Messrs. Morell and Malyon will not, I trust, object to my telling them that their story is something of a chestnut, only, as the cookery-books say, it has been served up "another way." The part of Lizette the maid was prettily played by Miss Frances Maas.

T. H. I.



LADY JULIETTE LOWTHER

She is the daughter of Lady de Grey, and one of the most charming débutantes of 1899. Read more about her Ladyship in THE SKETCH "Small Talk."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LALLIE GARET-CHARLES, TITCHFIELD ROAD, N.W.



LADY JULIETTE LOWTHER: A STUDY IN PROFILE.

With fair hair, grey eyes, and long, dark lashes, Lady Juliette Lowther has been pronounced one of the most charming beauties of the Season.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LALLIE GARET-CHARLES, TITCHFIELD ROAD, N.W.



One!



Two!!



-Three!!!



- And Off We Go.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Once more has "the People" been called on to assemble in Trafalgar Square to express certain views on public policy; once more has "the People" turned up actuated by the wrong sentiments, and the result has been a dismal fiasco. The wonder is that anybody ever expected anything else. When the citizens of London are summoned by certain newspapers to come and support views that they do not happen to hold, there is bound to be trouble. Either they will not come—in which case the promoters of the meeting have the field to themselves—or, as happened Sunday before last, they will come and manifest disapproval by shouts and patriotic songs and over-ripe fruit. No doubt it was all very brutal, and the slaughter of Mr. Hyndman's silk hat was an atrocity worthy of Abdul the Past-Participled; but what else could be done in the main? As the French say about their latest African expedition, "Mais que Voulet-vous?"

If the dissentients from the rather foolishly violent resolutions to be proposed at the Trafalgar Square meeting had stayed away, the demonstrators would have had everything their own way. Even if only a few hundreds had voted for the condemnation of the present Government's policy, these unopposed enthusiasts, magnified to tens of thousands by the inspired vision of impassioned journalists, would have gone forth to the world as a sample of the peaceful multitudes now misrepresented by the wicked Sir Chamberlain. Nay, if the "Jingo mob" had heard the speeches in silence, and then voted against the resolutions, or tried to carry amendments, the chairmen of the platforms were sufficiently experienced agitators to refuse to put the amendments, and to declare the resolutions carried. On the whole, the only way to avoid misunderstanding was not to hear the speeches, and to make it reasonably certain that nobody else could. It is a pity that the precautions necessary for this purpose were exceeded. Even as Heine pointed out poetically to one of his lady-loves that swearing eternal truth was all in the day's work, but biting was superfluous, so the demonstrators of Nelson's Column might justly complain when "Rule Britannia" was supplemented by rotten bananas.

At the same time, the catastrophe of the meeting was fruitful of good if also full of bad fruit. We in England know the organisers of the demonstration. Meetings are their monomania—or rather, their principal mania. Sooner than never ascend *any* platform, they would speak in favour of England and Englishmen. They are very much the same people who demonstrated in Hyde Park in favour of Dreyfus. They are born agitators; they would rather be Radical than Tory, rather Boer than British in sympathies; but they would rather be noisy as Jingos than quiet as Quakers. It is quite as absurd for warlike papers to see Boer secret-service money in every "peace-at-any-price" meeting as for the Boerist Press to detect the gold of Rhodes in every warlike sentiment spoken or written. Mr Kruger does not pay when he can get anything without paying; and the hysterical agitator does not want pay. You may bribe a man to be a villain; but he has to be born a fool.

The fact is that the war that now seems inevitable is not one for franchise details, but for predominance. The politicians who direct the two Dutch Republics of South Africa are playing for prestige and paramountcy. No other hypothesis can explain the needlessly provocative reply of President Steyn to a courteous and friendly despatch. It must have been obvious to him that, however strongly he took the side of the Transvaal, he could serve the interests of peace best by maintaining the neutrality of his country as long as possible. When, therefore, we find the Orange Free State President taking up a more rigid position than even Mr. Kruger himself, we know that he must have made up his mind for war. Nobody threatened the smaller Republic, nor had it any grievance. Yet it is arming and preparing for war.

Probably the Orange Free State could serve the Transvaal far better in war by a friendly neutrality. Parties of armed men could go to the rescue of their kinsmen over an unwatched border; nay, even a few railway-accidents might happen over the frontier to retard the invading forces. Open participation in the conflict adds a few more men to the Transvaal Army, but lays open an easy road to the interior of the South African Republic. But the wish seems rather to be for open war, whether from distrust of our Government or from desire to carry out certain plans before they are rendered hopeless.

The talk about the trivial nature of the dispute, besides being false, cuts both ways. Why should the Transvaal fight to repudiate a meaningless word like "sovereignty"? We do not fight to assert that. But when the South African Republic claims to be an "International Sovereign State," it would be untrue as well as weak to admit the statement. No State whose foreign treaties are subject to veto from another Power can be fully sovereign. The claim is, therefore, not a statement of fact, but a hope for the future.

"Shall I slay my brother Boer?" asks Mr. W. T. Stead, emerging from a period of decent oblivion. Probably Mr. Stead's brother Boer will not be slain to any great extent; he is too good at taking cover, and Mr. Stead's shooting is probably as erratic as his statements. As a private matter, however, we should recommend Mr. Stead to slay his brother Boer—and be hanged for it. We could do without both.

MARMITON.

WITH A CAMERA ON THE NORFOLK BROADS.

The Broad District of Norfolk and Suffolk has until recent years been but little known or visited. It is now, however, increasing in popularity year by year. This is not surprising considering how enjoyable a holiday may be spent in the neighbourhood at a cost far more reasonable than at the great majority of holiday resorts. There is, moreover, a charm about the scenery of Broadland peculiarly its own.

Ample amusement is to be found for the holiday-maker with a hobby. The angler may be sure of an excellent time among the various fish which abound in the rivers and lakes; the butterfly-hunter may capture species to be found nowhere else; the antiquarian may visit the numerous and beautiful churches and ruins; while the photographer (and surely his name is now legion)—well, a two-months' visit and many dozens of plates would not begin to exhaust the choice bits scattered plentifully around. An excellent way of visiting the Broad is as follows: A party of, say, from six to ten persons combine and hire a wherry. These wherries are a type of craft peculiar to the neighbourhood. They are graceful in appearance, shaped like a very low barge, pointed at each end, and rigged with one huge sail, extending from a mast stepped well forward nearly the whole length of the boat. They are perfectly safe for sailing, and eminently suitable for the tortuous waters on which they are used, being able from their peculiar rig to sail in almost any wind.

In the group of vessels depicted in this photograph, the centre one is a typical pleasure-wherry. The term "pleasure-wherry" is used to distinguish it from those which are similar in build and rig, but which are



A TYPICAL PLEASURE-WHERRY.

used only for the transport of cargo. These have usually a black sail, which, among groups of other craft, adds much to the effectiveness of either picture or photograph.

The pleasure-wherries are well adapted for comfort in every way. There is usually a main saloon, varying in size according to the dimensions of the boat, and a cabin forward fitted with sleeping accommodation for three or more ladies, the gentlemen of the party using the saloon as a sleeping-apartment.

A small dinghy, called a "jolly-boat" (with a centreboard for sailing), is towed astern. This is most useful for exploring the various small broads and dykes by the wayside, while the wherry remains moored to the bank. The second photograph shows a party taking a look round Wroxham Broad on Regatta-day this year.

The bridges which here and there span the rivers occasionally necessitate the lowering of the mast. This operation is rendered exceedingly simple by weighting the lower end with lead, which allows it to swing down perfectly easily, and at the same time to be so well under control as to be quite safe.

No. 3 shows the wherry, with the mast down, being made fast to the bank, while the jolly-boat is being made comfortable with cushions, preparatory to a trip down the river in search of provisions.

The remaining photographs are of characteristic scenes on a Broad holiday. In No. 4 is shown how *not* to live up to the name of your boat. Observe the name on the life-buoy, and the general energy of the party. This, though a photo of the wherry *Industry*, can hardly be entitled "Industry personified."

No. 5 depicts a pleasant way of spending an hour or two in the sunshine in search of *local colour*.

No. 6 is a typical Suffolk church, with its round, squat tower and charming situation.

In the last picture is shown the curious tower of a church on the river toward Beccles, none the less picturesque because of its quaintness, and rejoicing in the name of Burgh St. Peter.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

WITH A CAMERA ON THE NORFOLK BROADS.



EXPLORING WROXHAM BROAD.



FITTING UP THE JOLLY-BOAT.



THE CREW OF THE "INDUSTRY."



IN SEARCH OF LOCAL COLOUR.



A TYPICAL SUFFOLK CHURCH.



THE TOWER AND CHURCH OF BURGH ST. PETER.



"Ah, Hodges, do you know the Devil is going in there with you?"
"'Ard on 'im, guvnor; I've on'y got tuppence!"

THEATRE GOSSIP.

On Saturday evening last, at the Princess's Theatre, in Oxford Street, took place the revival of Mr. Robert Buchanan and Miss Harriet Jay's melodrama, "Alone in London," which has been touring in all sorts and sizes of provincial towns ever since it was first produced at the Olympic some fifteen years ago. The cast at the Princess's is perhaps the strongest yet seen in this apparently perennial play, and includes Mr. Frank Cooper (so long a Lyceum favourite), Mr. Fred Emney (who shows so much of the humour of his droll relative, Mr. Arthur Williams), Miss Laura Linden (an always welcome comédienne), and Miss Lillah McCarthy, a recruit of Mr. Wilson Barrett's who had to take up the character of the heroine at rather short notice in consequence of the sudden illness of that popular actress, Miss Kate Rorke, who was originally cast for it.

The next new production at the West-End will be "The Prince of Borneo," which is due at the Strand to-morrow (Thursday) night. This piece, written by Mr. J. W. Herbert (of America), and composed by Mr. Edward Jones (of England), is now described as "an operatic farce." Mr. Frank Wheeler (formerly of the Gaiety "Shop-Girl" Company) is responsible for the running of this piece, and for the re-introduction to London of Miss Cissy Fitzgerald, who, since her Gaiety "chorister" time, has won an extensive celebrity (and a ditto salary) by means of a said to be wonderfully winsome wink! It is to be hoped that Miss Fitzgerald is also not utterly unprovided with certain other qualities necessary for achieving histrionic success.

Of course, the most important dramatic event of the present week will be the production of Messrs. Wilson Barrett and Louis Napoleon Parker's new play, "Man and his Makers," due at the Lyceum next Saturday, according to managerial arrangements at the moment of writing. The cast is assuredly strong, and the play is said to be the same. Anyhow, it appears to be a work calculated to raise quite a simoom of controversy, even as seems likely to be the case (in London, anyway) with Mr. Hall Caine's play, "The Christian." This drama is to make its Metropolitan début at the Duke of York's next Monday week, after a week's trial-trip at Liverpool—which is really the author's native place, and not the Isle of Man, as many have surmised.

Speaking of "The Christian," it may be as well here to warn both Liverpoolian and London playgoers that they must not attempt to leave their seats before the curtain finally falls, or they will miss not only a dramatic surprise likely to interest them, but something that will touch them nearly.

Mr. Carton's smart if somewhat "sultry" comedy, "Wheels within Wheels," will have been withdrawn from the Court by the time these lines appear in print. At the moment of making this mem., no

Salford, which is near Manchester. This new theatre has been built by Messrs. Hardie, Von Leer, and Gordyn, who so long ran the Regent Theatre at Salford.

Within the next few days, Sir Henry Irving will "open" the new theatre named after him, which, as I mentioned some weeks ago, has been built in Seacombe, a fast-growing town on the Mersey, and nearly opposite Liverpool.

It now seems likely that Mr. Charles Frohman will, in due course,



MR. F. KINSEY PEILE, AUTHOR OF "AN INTERRUPTED HONEYMOON,"
AT THE AVENUE THEATRE.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



MISS EDITH MORLEY (DAUGHTER OF MR. CHARLES CARTWRIGHT),
WHO PLAYS LOUISE DE VAUX IN "A KING OF FOOLS."

Photo by Barnett, Hyde Park Corner, S.W.

date had been selected for the production of the piece to follow—namely, Captain R. Marshall's specially written comedy, which is still called "A Royal Family."

To-day (Wednesday) Sir Henry Irving was timed to lay the commemoration-stone of the new Victoria Theatre at Broughton, near

follow "My Daughter-in-Law," at the Criterion, with the adaptation of "That Girl from Maxim's" which he recently tried in New York City.

It has been said that Mr. George Edwardes will choose the name of "The Night Owls" for the adaptation of "Les Pétards" which he is arranging to produce at the West-End. I have his own authority, however, for stating that this piece (fully described in *The Sketch* when it was produced in America under the title of "The Rounders") may be named by Mr. Edwardes "On the Razzle-Dazzle." In the meantime, Mr. Edwardes is busily engaged in day and night rehearsals of Messrs. E. A. Morton and Sidney Jones's "San Toy," to be produced at Daly's almost immediately.

There will be no interruption of the performances of "The Degenerates" at the Haymarket, since the piece will be continued at that theatre until Saturday night, Oct. 14, inclusive. When Mrs. Langtry takes her play up to the Garrick Theatre on Oct. 16, Messrs. Fred Kerr and H. de Lange will be found in the cast.

It might be noted that Mr. Joseph Hatton has dedicated to Mr. Weedon Grossmith his novel of old London of the Jack Sheppard and Jonathan Wild period, called, "When Rogues Fall Out." Mr. Grossmith, of course, appeared as the real Jack Sheppard in Mr. Hatton's dramatisation of the theme, which formed the Easter attraction last year at the Pavilion Theatre, Whitechapel. I remember the production particularly well, for I recall the enthusiastic reception given by the Pavilion audience to Sir Henry Irving, who occupied a box at the first performance.

Mr. Osmond Shillingford's farcical comedy, "Tommy Dodd," produced at the Globe Theatre by Mr. J. L. Shine thirteen months ago, is to be taken on tour again, Mr. George Thorpe playing his original part, and the cast also including handsome, dashing, and still very much alive Miss Alma Stanley, who has lately been supporting Mr. Harry Monkhouse in "Larks in London."

Mr. Alfred Ellis, of the well-known firm of photographers, Alfred Ellis and Walery, sends me a prospectus for the coming season of the "Old Acquaintance" Musical Society. This Society is one of the oldest in existence, having been founded in 1819. The eightieth session commences on Tuesday, Oct. 10. An excellent list of concerts has been arranged, and I wish the Society every possible success.

"MY DAUGHTER-IN-LAW."

It would be difficult to find a title less likely to attract the constant playgoer to the theatre than "My Daughter-in-Law," the name of the new piece at the Criterion. For we have had a surfeit of the humours connected with disagreements between mother-in-law and son or daughter by marriage. The discord between the wife and her husband's mother, which is employed in the present play, has been less used, I fancy, than that arising between son-in-law and wife's mamma, but it leads at the Criterion to nothing of much essential novelty. Pretty, dainty, delightful Miss Ellaline Terriss, or, I should say, Mrs. Mainwaring junior, is hated so bitterly by Mrs. Mainwaring senior that her mother-in-law believes she must be faithless, and hopes to catch her tripping, so that there may be a divorce and—and not freedom from matrimony for the son, but a marriage with an alleged Polish Countess who has found favour in her eyes. The younger woman is quicker-witted than the older, and lays a trap for her into which she falls. For when, after some back-door manoeuvring, mother-in-law has discovered what she thinks an assignation by Mrs. Mainwaring junior, and goes to the meeting-place, she finds her own husband—a poor, elderly, henpecked M.P.—and the sham Countess, so she leaves the young people in peace, and drags Mr. Mainwaring senior off to the country. There is the plot in a nutshell; exactly what it was in "Ma Bru," the French piece by MM. Fabrice Carré and Paul Bilhaud, from which it has been adapted by someone—whose name is not disclosed—I cannot tell.

It may not be asserted that "My Daughter-in-Law" is a very skilful farce—it has the impudence to call itself a comedy—since, although some of the incidents are funny, and it opens brightly, there is a lack of movement in it. In a piece of this kind swift motion is necessary, in order that the artificiality of the author's devices may not be visible, just as quick gyration is necessary to the fisherman's spinning bait that the hooks may escape notice and the dead thing seem alive.

The players did wonders for the piece. Miss Terriss is irresistible, and proved that her work in musical farce has not injured her excellent style. Miss Fanny Brough shows once more how wonderful is her power of giving life to a dull scene; what a pity such a brilliant artist has generally poor parts to play! Mr. Seymour Hicks causes hearty applause; and the two old Criterion favourites, Mr. Alfred Bishop, an admirable comedian, and Mr. Herbert Standing, work heartily and skilfully.

THE PROGRESS OF "G. B. S."

That Mr. George Bernard Shaw, man of many parts, will soon be recognised as a serious dramatist is clear from "The Devil's Disciple," which was produced for the first time in England at the Kennington Theatre last week. Hitherto most people have regarded him as a "crank," who amused himself by writing witty, clever, daring, impossible pieces; the new play shows certainly, what might have been guessed from his works, that he can write strong, true, sincere drama. The first half of "The Devil's Disciple"—the title is undesirable, and has even a catchpenny ring about it—is admirable. We see a vivid, not all unkindly, picture of the harshly religious New England life in 1777, with, as centre figure, Richard Dudgeon, called "The Devil's Disciple" because he is even wicked enough to play games on Sunday instead of going to church, and scoffs at psalm-singing. Love comes to him suddenly, for a pretty Puritan, Judith, young and affectionate wife of Antony Anderson, a Presbyterian minister—love unholy, but reverent and unselfish. British troops struggling against the "rebel" Americans in the Great War come to arrest the minister and hang him—after a Dreyfus trial—as a warning to the inhabitants. They mistake Richard for Antony, and seize him. What will he do? Tell the truth and live, or be splendidly untruthful and die. Love prevails, though he says no word of it to Judith, who watches this silent strife of his heart against the instinct for life. He bids farewell to her, and goes out bravely to death. Here the curtain might have fallen finally, and we should all have called "The Devil's Disciple" a superb if cruel two-act play of high artistic quality. But two-act plays are out of vogue.

The second half has some finely powerful scenes ere the rescue of Richard, when the noose is round his neck, by Antony; but Mr. Shaw's peculiar devil has been driving him, and he "needs must" introduce touches of wild farce into his intensely comic scene of the court-martial trial, and strange touches of horrifying humour into the gallows business. However, half a fine play is better than a whole indifferent piece, and, furthermore, I should be very ungrateful to forget my hearty "without prejudice" laughter at the fantastically humorous colloquy between Richard and General Burgoyne at the trial—a piece of quite irresistible, extravagant comedy—and therefore can sincerely recommend playgoers to visit the comfortable, pretty playhouse to see the new "G. B. S." They will also see an excellent performance, for Mr. Murray Carson gives a powerful picture of the heroic Richard—I should have said picturesque as well but for the ugly curls on his forehead—Miss Grace Warner plays prettily as Judith, and the part of Anderson is well presented by Mr. Macklin, though he suffered a little from nervousness. Very clever work was done by Miss Bessie Hatton and Miss Elsie Chester, and capital performances were given by Mr. Luigi Lablache, Mr. Hippisley, and Mr. E. Turner.

E. F. S.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

In a queer, disjointed form, in a volume swelled by a great many illustrations, Miss Frances Gerard gives us "The Romance of Ludwig II. of Bavaria" (Hutchinson). Ludwig was, of course, Wagner's "heavenly young King," the generous patron who ministered to the needs of the distracted and persecuted musician, who adopted the "Master" as his most honoured friend, who eagerly loosed his purse-strings for him and his great plans. But it is not merely as Wagner's munificent patron that he is memorable. And there are even facts about him worth knowing apart from his madness. Just how far he was mad never will be known. All through, will be the verdict of the ordinary practical person. The Bavarian peasants were quite content with him. They knew their old legends, and this beautiful Prince, who was rarely seen by day, but who was heard rushing past on his horse at midnight, who loved their mountains, and built himself great, lonely palaces among them, and dwelt there with ghosts for company, who dressed as Lohengrin, and who was lovely enough for the part, seemed but a reincarnation of one of their old heroes.

Travellers in the remoter parts of Bavaria to-day will tell you that the stories about their last King and the old poetic legends have already got mixed. But, to the more modern folks in the towns—save those who had directly benefited by his passionate love of art—both his virtues and his faults were incomprehensible and useless. They had clear ideas of what a King should be—business-like in affairs of State, deferential to the people, willing to show himself in public, ready to lead in war. In return for these duties performed, they would have been willing to pay handsomely for his pleasures if they had been such as his brother Princes indulged in, and it would have been no business of theirs if these had included a considerable amount of not too ostentatious dissipation. But Ludwig, though he had a good enough head for business, was capricious, unmethodical, never to be counted on by his Ministers.

He knew nothing of literary matters, and playing at soldiers was not one of his favourite games. He made Bavaria pay for his pleasures, though not so much as has been said; but, then, his pleasures were so extraordinary—building splendid palaces amid lonely woods and mountains, which nobody inhabited, paying artists exorbitant prices to act and sing for him alone, or for him and a few chosen from his Court, constructing wonderful grottoes and suchlike expensive things to serve as backgrounds for his visions and imaginings of the old heroic knightly world. They called it all childish and imbecile, would infinitely have preferred dissipation. But Ludwig had no temptations that way. He fêted and gave extravagant presents to actresses whose voices pleased him; but as soon as they showed they were women as well as artists, he disliked them and sent them packing. Save for one or two strong family affections, he loved no woman among the living. He was in love, long and sincerely in love, with Marie Antoinette—very mad, of course, but very pathetic. This visionary life was his real one; it absorbed his vitality more and more. But up to nearly the end he was capriciously fit for business, and showed occasional interest and abundance of capability in the practical affairs of the world. Bismarck wrote of him, "We corresponded about important political matters until the last few years of his life. He communicated his views in a manner which was agreeable to me personally, and, at the same time, full of cleverness."

And even when he did not judge of things in a way that would have been agreeable to Bismarck, his views were often not the less sane because they were unconventional for a German Prince—as when he longed for some murderous invention that would "mow down whole regiments in a minute." When Russia proposed an International Convention at Geneva to prevent the use of the explosive bullets invented by the Frenchman, Pertinax, King Ludwig is stated to have said, "Cui bono? If battles are to be fought by machinery, let us all do our most against each other until we are sick of carnage and come back to the time when nations settled their differences by single combat." His story will one day be told, not in an inferior biography, but in a romantic drama, and his madness will play but a little part there; his tragic death in the lake at Starnberg will seem not a proof of insanity, but the reasonable ending of an impossible struggle between the world of his desires and imaginings and the world as it is, which seemed to him a very sorry place indeed.

Mr. G. W. Stevens's "Dreyfus Tragedy" (Harpers) leaves much to be desired, whatever be one's opinions on the famous case. It is much below his usual level both as writing and reporting. Everybody's temper has been irritated in the course of the affair; but some of those who have examined it closely have come out of it with a clearer judgment and maintained a more generous attitude throughout. He has probably been annoyed by the gush of certain Dreyfusards, and yet found it impossible to sympathise with the tactics of their opponents. So he scolds both parties loudly, and not very becomingly. His attitude in the end, so far as one gathers, is just the reverse of the Rennes verdict—Dreyfus was wrongly condemned, but extenuating circumstances would be pleaded for the judges. Of course, that pleases nobody. But one feature of the book—its unconscious, quite unintentional insincerity—is worthy of some sympathy. It represents the difficulty of many who, like Mr. Stevens, have a sentimental enthusiasm for the army, and who have had an unpalatable object-lesson in what the military idea may end in, but who do not give up a cherished sentiment because they have intellectually learned a principle.

O. O.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Oct. 4, 6.30; Thursday, 6.27; Friday, 6.25; Saturday, 6.23; Sunday, 6.21; Monday, 6.18; Tuesday, 6.17.

I am writing this on a rainy forenoon in a little village nestling on the slope of a hill in the very heart of the Champagne district of France. For six weeks I had been cycling about the highways and lanes of East Anglia; but black Suffolk skies and chill winds from the north and roads that were slushy hinted the seeking of a more gentle clime. And so for the better part of a week I have been out here at Hermonville—a place you are not likely to find on a map; but it is ten miles from Reims, where that wicked jackdaw hopped about pilfering cardinals' rings—and all the hillsides are burdened with thousands of acres of grapes, and the vintage will be in full swing ere these lines are in print.

I am not doing long rides, but just "pottering" about the beautiful roads. We are a big house-party; there are not enough bicycles to go round, and there is immense fun borrowing one another's bikes and taking turns in having spins. I will never acknowledge to anybody that the scenery of any country and the roads of any country, taken all round, are better than those in England. But the great charm of cycling abroad is that it takes one among fresh scenes, and, if you have got the frame of mind of a true wheelman, you will get fun out of your inconveniences.

Yesterday, fourteen of us—four men and ten ladies—went riding over the hills, with the great Cathedral of Reims, lordly and noble, coming into view round the elbows of the mounds, and we whizzed through the little villages, to the startlement of the natives, and at last got to the village where we were to eat. A telegram had been sent ahead for lunch to be prepared. What was our surprise, then, when the portly hostess told us she had prepared nothing, because there were too many of us! We went to another inn and inquired there. No, said Madame; she was very busy with her customary guests, and she really had not the time. Here was a fine show of unpoliteness from those polite people, the French. I personally—to use a common phrase—was particularly "riled."

For a long time I have been pin-pricking the landlords of English inns about their scant accommodation for cycling tourists, their badly cooked food and extravagant charges, and I have a distinct recollection of having written somewhere that you can never go into a French hamlet and the tiniest of inns without having a nice clean meal courteously served at once and at a moderate price. Here was retribution. My much-lauded French hostesses were turning us away starving—and oh, we were starving!—they gave a contradiction to all the nice things I had ever written about them, and I felt like sending post-cards to all the English landlords I had maligned, craving their indulgent pardon.

None of us had ever before had such an experience in France. So we proceeded to another village, ten kilometres off, arriving nearly two hours after lunch-time, a famished fourteen. We went gently. It was hinted that all we wanted was some sardines and bread-and-butter and some bottles of wine. Oh yes, Madame could give us those. And some preserved meats? Oh yes! And maybe some cutlets? Yes! And some fruit? Yes, that was easy. And cheese? Yes, of course. And coffee and cogniac for the men afterward? Certainly. Madame and her daughter bustled about, and we starving. Britishers attacked the food as though we had had nothing to eat for a week. The hurried happy-go-luckiness of the meal added gusto to our enjoyment, and every one of us declared we had never had such a good time in our lives.

This part of France is not much visited by the British cyclist. Yet it is not far from the Ardennes, which is a favourite haunt. Indeed, were it not raining and cloudy this morning, I could see the Ardennes from the window by which I am now writing. The main-roads are admirable for wheeling. The *pavé*, so joltingly bad for the muscles but good for the liver, is gradually being removed, and there are long stretches of road as smooth and as beautiful to ride upon as the heart can desire. I was interested in the cyclists I saw in Reims. They ride better than the average Englishman—that is, they have better control over their wheels; but they ride more awkwardly. The saddles are too low, and they keep to the old-fashioned wide handle-bars.

But the ladies—I do think the French ladies are the best lady cyclists in the world. I know that to the prudish British matron there is something distinctly improper about their attire. It is not beautiful—it is too baggy; and when Nature designed woman the fact was evidently overlooked that some day she would be riding a bicycle and want bifurcated garments. Bifurcations do not add to the attractiveness of the ordinary lady. However, they are safer far than the flippety-flopping skirts beloved of the English Miss, who would blush to have it known she owns an ankle. So, till Nature changes the contour of lovely woman or ingenuity provides something prettier than "rationals," I will hold to the opinion that the American lady cyclist is the neatest and most suitably dressed of her sex.

The French lady bends too much over her handle-bars, rather in the racing attitude. But in the mechanical art of cycling she is absolutely admirable. She pedals with her ankle, and so gets all the muscles of her limbs into play. To properly use the ankle helps much towards producing a pretty rider. And I do so wish my sisters over in Angleterre would use their ankles!

The announcement comes from India that Mr. W. S. Burke proposes to cycle up and down the highest rideable road in the Himalayas. He is a good all-round cyclist—not a crack rider, but a sturdy amateur, who can go far and be smiling at the end. The first long ride in India was from Allahabad to Calcutta, and Mr. Burke was the man who did it. Some five days were occupied in the journey—a considerable time in the eyes of a racing-man. But still it must be remembered that Mr. Burke was the pioneer of long distances in fascinating India. He is one of the most entertaining men I have ever met, garrulously, boisterously funny, who would have made a great name as a journalist in London did he not find sufficient happiness in being a local celebrity in Bengal. I hope his Himalayan adventure will be a success.

Several letters have reached me in regard to the proposals I made last week so that cycle clubs may be revived in popularity. All my correspondents agree that the evil exists; all are good enough to applaud the suggestions, but a number of them don't think I go far enough. One gentleman, writing from Bournemouth, especially urges the idea that most of the clubs in a town should be amalgamated, and that there should be a proper club-house, with a paid secretary. He is quite right, of course, in saying that cliqueism is inevitable; but he thinks this can partially be got over by arranging runs so that folks with particular interests be attracted to them. For instance, he advocates that, while there should be a common meeting-place for all the cyclists of a town, managed by an elected and representative committee, there ought only to be two, or, at the outside, three club-meets in the course of the summer season. However, there should be a number of smaller runs; once a fortnight there could be a run to places of archaeological interest in the neighbourhood; then there could be "wild-flower" runs, with stoppages in the country lanes and friendly competitions to collect different varieties of wild-flowers; runs arranged especially for those interested in photography; a Saturday-afternoon run for the "speed-boys"; a Wednesday-evening run that would probably be chiefly attended by shop-assistants; in a word, a community of interests tacked on to the pleasure of cycling.

Three of my correspondents are very strong against these local cycling centres being under the authority of the C.T.C. They advocate that the localities be autonomous, knowing their own wants best, and keep free from the rule of a central authority. That is all very well; but there are times when the voice of cyclists in the land should be heard generally, and then the existence of a channel for letting that voice be heard is of much use. Then, in regard to international touring, it is necessary to have a national body. Further, London is the place where arrangements would have to be made for lectures; and, besides, though central bodies are inclined to be autocratic and official-ridden; it must not be forgotten that there are many compensating advantages. The C.T.C. exists, it is a strong and well-managed body, and therefore it is the best institution to hand to control the cycling pastime of the country with a show of influence.

Frequently I have referred on this page to bicycle-lamps, and every week a bunch of letters comes to me asking advice. I do not recommend any particular lamp, because there are many lamps with which little fault can be found. But I must again warn people against acetylene-lamps. At first they shine brilliantly; but even the best, after a day or two, smoke so badly and give forth such a stench that the only good place for them is the bottom of the garden. There is always danger attached to the use of acetylene. Oil-lamps are not all to be desired, but at present it is well to put up with their shortcomings and avoid the risks of acetylene.

J. F. F.

PRESENTATION TO SIR W. H. PREECE.

Sir W. H. Preece, late Engineer-in-Chief and Electrician to the Post Office, has just been the proud recipient of this beautiful casket, presented to him by his native borough of Carnarvon. The casket is



MAGNIFICENT TRIBUTE TO A POST OFFICE OFFICIAL.

oblong in form, and bears on the obverse an enamelled view of Carnarvon Castle. Other Welsh emblems are included in the general ornamentation, the whole of the work having been very finely executed by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, of Cheapside, Her Majesty's silversmiths.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

A capital meeting will be held at Kempton Park on Friday and Saturday. The chief event on the opening-day will be the Imperial Produce Stakes, the distance being six furlongs. It was in this race last year that Flying Fox was beaten by St. Gris. It is expected that Democrat will win this week, but he may have all his work cut out to beat Forfarshire, who, J. Day contends, is one of the best of his year. For the Duke of York Stakes on Saturday there should be a good field, and the betting may open up a bit before the start. Greenan ran well over the course behind Knight of the Thistle for the Jubilee Stakes, and he certainly has a chance second to none for the Duke of York Stakes. If Mount Prospect is fit and well on the day, he should go close, for, in my opinion, he ought to have won this race last year, when Sirenia beat him on the post by a head.

The classic races have yielded very badly in the matter of runners for some time, and I think the conditions should be altered so as to make these races produce better sport than they do at present. An old race-goer gave me an idea the other day. He suggested that no horse should be allowed to win more than one of the classic races. I really do think, if this wrinkle were adopted, it would do good to the sport. It is all very well to place such a high value on the Triple Crown, so far as finding is concerned; but, after all, the people who pay heavy ring-fees to see sport should be considered just the least bit, and, if the suggestion of my old friend were put into racing law, it would ensure interesting races for the One Thousand Guineas, Derby, and St. Leger, and the only persons likely to complain would be owners of horses of the Flying Fox or Ormonde calibre.

It does not say much for English jockeys to find that Sloan, J. H. Martin, and L. Reiff have the best averages for the season, but, as I have before noted, while the foreigners have the pick of the mounts, our jockeys have to ride good, bad, and indifferent horses, to say nothing of animals that are only half-trained and are presumably out for an airing. On the other hand, it must be admitted that the foreign jockeys appear to fight out the finishes of races better than our horsemen do. Of course, we have some very good horsemen who are all the time trying their best to win races; on the other hand, there are a number of boys riding at the present time who will never soar above mediocrity. They worry too much about the betting market to devote the proper attention to their legitimate business, and they are far too thick-headed to think of the future. All jockeys should be well and properly educated. We see the men who have had good schooling doing well in the saddle, while the ignoramuses are all the time getting worse instead of better.

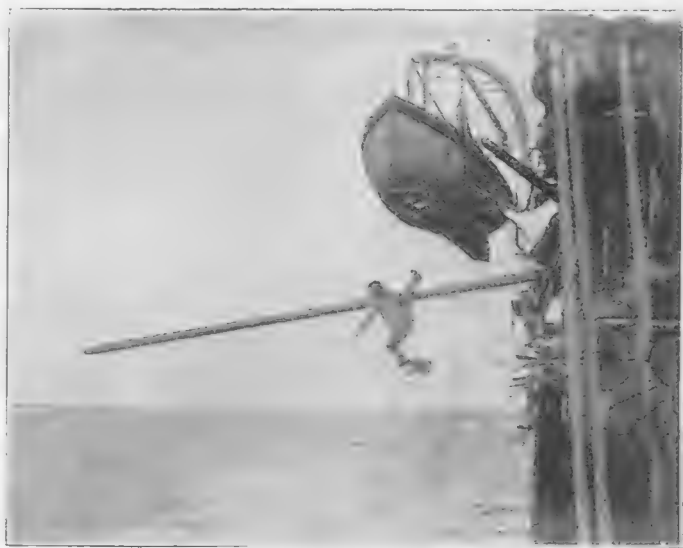
Many members of the nobility are good horsemen. The Duke of Westminster used to ride straight to hounds, and the Duke of Devonshire has a capital seat in the saddle; so have the Dukes of Leeds, Portland, Marlborough, Newcastle, and Montrose. The Earl of Durham has ridden in a match, and the Earl of Dudley was very successful some years back in National Hunt Flat Races; so was Lord Cholmondeley, despite his weight. Lord Hardwicke and Lord Sefton both rode often under National Hunt Rules some few years back, and the Earl of Shrewsbury has tried his 'prentice hand at Hunters' Flat Races. I have often wondered why Lord Lonsdale has not ridden more in hurdle-races and steeplechases, seeing how straight he follows the hounds. Lord William and Lord Marcus Beresford were both good horsemen in their younger days, and Lord Charles was a champion rider for a sailor. Lord Rosslyn, Lord Shaftesbury, and Lord Denman have ridden in races. Lord Zetland, Lord Rosebery, Lord Cr ve, and Lord Radnor are good riders to hounds, and few horsemen look better in pink than Lord March and Lord Rendlesham.

Mrs. de Bathe is very fond of riding on motor-cars; so is the Earl of Carnarvon and the Dukes of Newcastle and Manchester. The complaint must be catching, for I have noticed of late that one or two of the big bookmakers have taken to careering by the aid of one of the "new-fangled notions." If the motor-car becomes too common, we may hear presently of racehorses being frightened on their way to the courses, and, further, the insurance companies may institute a new rule under which an additional premium will be extracted for the risk against

accidents caused by motors. The sturdy cob or the medium-gear bicycle is quite good enough for my money, for I do not think I could ever become thoroughly acclimatised to the action of the motor. But there are others who like the fun, and, in the words (slightly altered) of the old song, "It may be all right when you know it, but you have to know it first."

The Jockey Club is bent on reform. The starting-gate will come into general use, without a doubt, during next season, at least so far as two-year-olds are concerned, and I hope the system of paddock-badges will be made compulsory. Then, again, a law should be passed to prohibit any jockey from running racehorses, and all race-cards should, by order of the Turf senators, be made as perfect as possible. The weights should be carefully calculated and printed, and the name of the real owner, also that of the trainer, should be given in black-and-white. Any refreshment contractor purveying bad liquor on a racecourse should be made to lose his contract, and any racecourse on which rowdyism took place should be fined two days off its next year's fixtures. Further, the Clerk of the Course who could not guarantee a punctual service of trains to and from his meetings should be liable to have a couple of days knocked off his fixtures. The above are just a few suggestions to go on with.

I have often sung the praises of the Telegraph Department of the General Post Office in their dealing with racing news, but I cannot help noticing how easily they are beaten by the telephone. When racing takes place at far-off places like Manchester and Liverpool, and the tape companies utilise the telephone for getting results, we have to wait quite ten minutes before even the short betting comes to hand. This shows the telegraph arrangements up badly. I believe a certain amount of red-tapeism still rules the roost inside the General Post Office, and when messages are received they have to be copied and re-copied, sorted and re-sorted, discussed, directed, and eventually despatched to their destination, whereas, by the aid of the Morse sounder, they might have been re-transferred right off, and the other part of the business could easily have been completed afterwards. *Verb. sap.* CAPTAIN COE.



H.M.S. "RUPERT" IN THE MEDITERRANEAN: THE MANŒUVRES OF A GREASY-POLE MAN.

This is the way the British Bluejacket amuses himself when in quarantine, varying the pastime with swimming races, water-polo matches, shooting matches, and concerts. This illustration is from a photograph taken by Lieutenant Brandreth, of H.M.S. "Rupert."

AN EAST-END BOOKIE.

They tikes me for a Dook, dahn in the Dials,
'Cos I flash a bit o' rhino nah and then,
An' they think that I've no troubles an' no trials,
'Cos I know the w'y ter charff mi feller-men.
They think a bookie's life is one of pleasure,
'Cos 'e gen'ly 'as a smile upon 'is fice,
An' when mi bloomin' tailor tikes mi measure,
It's, "We'll send 'em to the Carstle for your Grice."
The perfesshun of a bookie's one that's smaht,
He must pile the gilt upon 'is gingerbread,
He must 'ave a' answer ready, sweet or tart,
He must mike the crahd believe that he's well-bred;
He must mike folks think 'is duds are allus noo,
He must wear a high-clarss, knowin', 'orsey look,
An' if 'e does, I gives this snip ter you—
It's ten ter one he'll fill 'is bloomin' book.
I tikes a humble tanner or a bob,
An' mi odds are allus 'arf the pyper price;
But I'm never in at any put-up job,
An' I've never done a welsh or squared a ryec.
The motto what I works upon is this—
'Treat ev'ry man as you think 'e'd treat you;
It hain't exactly childlike, but it's biz,
An' it's 'elped ter bring me more than one deal through.
I likes ter drop acrost them knowin' blokes,
Who sez they've 'ad their tip "strite from the stible,"
They're orfen green, an' ready for a 'oax,
An', o' course, I 'oaxes 'em, if I am aible.
But, tike a East-End bookie all-in-all,
An' compare 'im wiv the rest o' human creatures,
Then you'll find the odds agin 'im hain't so tall—
That is, if you'll not judge 'im by 'is features.

GEOFFREY PENWORTH.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

La Ville Lumière seems to have settled down from the scething excitements of the last few months into a more equable state of being, and it is as a centre of costume rather than as a platform whereon all the Furies are let loose for the disedification of the rest of mankind that



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ONE OF MISS ELLALINE TERRISS'S GOWNS IN "MY DAUGHTER-IN-LAW."

Paris is once more the observed of all observers. Once again, too, the boulevards are crossed and recrossed by devoted partisans of fashion rather than passion, and the autumn season begins to swing merrily in the salons of great mode-makers. A special activity seems, in fact, to mark the present moment of bright, dry weather, so many smart women who were before deterred by the unsettled political outlook having come in troops from their country-houses to confabulate with each one's particular expert as to the fashions which shall be made or unmade by their adoption or neglect.

In this connection it is curiously interesting to observe how the introduction of any particular style, no matter how confidently put forward by the artist in chiffons, has to await the approval of a highly placed *clientèle* before going forth with the seal of success on its forehead. Of Englishwomen it has often been truly said that they will fit themselves to any departure in dress, no matter how incongruous or appalling, providing their *couturières* duly depose to it as the mode. But this spirit of unquestioning acceptance is by no means the attitude of the discerning Gallic grande dame, who throws down the gauntlet promptly in the face of an unsympathetic aspirant to favour, be it crinoline or poke-bonnet, leaving the unimportant people to follow it if they will, but practically damning it, all the same, by such influential non-adoption. Descending to the particular aspect of things as put forth at present by the great dressmakers both at home and at the Seine-side, one finds our ancient friend, the bolero, served up in many different disguises, but present, at the same time, on most smart costumes in one form or another.

Authorities on clothes declare its survival, or, more properly, revival, due to the all-round becomingness of this accommodating little garment, which, either on stout or slim femininity, seems equally to accomplish an attitude of sweet suitability. The bolero requires to be cut and fitted to a miracle, it is true; but, given that indispensable qualification, does the rest itself in smartening up the most unpromising figures to admiration. I have already seen some excellent examples of these newest shapes and arrangements at Peter Robinson's, who have now such a name for *chic* and style in all that concerns the clothes with which we embellish ourselves. A mulberry-coloured cloth, embroidered with a woollen guipure one shade darker, had a charmingly jaunty bolero of white panne thickly overlaid with the same new lace, for which the soft ivory-white made a very happy background. The skirt, made *en Princesse*, has a long fringed tunic, underneath which a second skirt of mulberry-coloured velvet showed which was closely stitched with white in a wavy pattern to match that of the guipure on the bolero.

Another delightful gown shown me by a leading West-End dressmaker was of thickly ribbed white bengaline shot with bright pink. This new material is an ideal one for winter dinner-gowns—soft, warm, rich; and, when made in changing colours like this indicated, leaves little for the most exigent beauty to desire. Returning to my white-and-pink model, which had one side of the tunic split up to the waist, it here disclosed a very seductive pink petticoat of mousseline over satin, while strings of white crystal beads were roped across, and fringes of crystal ornamented the end of tunic and the décolletage. Under the



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AN AUTUMN WALKING-GOWN.

tunic, a trained skirt of the pink satin, with flounces of mousseline to match, made very thick and *bouffant*, after the present extravagant manner, finished a quite adorable dinner-dress. How very much beflooned we are at the skirt-end now, by the way! I dare not tell how many dozens of yards of gauzy stuff went to the making-up of a certain smart actress's last stage-gown, lest it should frighten the husbands and fathers of this non-economical generation into further fits of despair.

Apropos, I heard one much-tried paterfamilias piously aver the other day that he would rather feed a brigade out of his own private purse than dress three daughters, not to mention a wife. The poor man spoke not unknowingly either, being, in fact, a Brigade-Major and the father of three to boot. I pointed out the recompense of owning such a perfectly turned-out family, but was only met with sniffs, I regret to say, which might have been swears, I felt, moreover, had I not been beyond the pale of blood-relationship. That is one of the advantages of not owning too many cousins; one escapes futile home-truths. It is only one's relatives who own or assume the unpleasant privileges of candour.

Meanwhile, the sheath-like skirts, with outspread fantail-shaped trains, are to be the only wear for all winter-evening occasions. It is said that Worth is trying to introduce square trains, after the Court-shape fashion; but, if this comes to pass, we shall all have to change our present abodes and rent palaces while it lasts, for whatever chance the pointed train has



[Copyright.]

A BEAUTIFUL DESIGN IN LACE WITH FRINGE.

of escaping an early trampling to death, square trains in our modestly sized town-houses would have none.

Furs, at all times delightful and dear (in several senses) to the heart of discriminating woman, are to have a great innings this year on coats, cloaks, gowns—both day and evening—and, in fact, on and for every garment and occasion, even to our fans, where it is possible to introduce the skins of the most precious beasts. Especially delightful are the great granny muffs of rich sable, mink, chinchilla, and other furs, which will be worn with the revived pelerine and Empire bonnets of the same period. White hairs are again being separately stitched into some furs, reproducing an old fashion also, beaver and fox being the two that are chiefly treated to these artificial embellishments. The price is, in the language of America, rather “steep” for these eccentricities, as a good deal of labour is involved.

Besides all these, there is great activity among the tailors whose customers' lines lie in the pleasant places of the hunting-field. The smartest coats are those made of grey whipcord set forth with black collars and cuffs. Only one hunt-button is required to fasten them, as they are of the sacque-back order, and destined to be worn with the popular apron-skirt which now, more than all others, obtains with the workmanlike cross-country fair. The possession of a white reindeer-skin

waistcoat is always a useful joy, and on cold days may be worn inside with all possible advantage, moreover. As a mere detail of dress—though, after all, is not dress made up entirely of detail?—it may be mentioned that wire hair-pins are going out of usage to a certain extent, and substituted for them wherever possible neat-looking tortoise-shell pins are made to hold together woman's crowning glory. With all manners and modes of hairdressing, whether low-gathered neck-knot or high-piled twists and coils, one or two jewelled pins are now a *sine quâ non* with every carefully groomed coiffure, be it blonde, auburn, or the raven-hued of the poet's choice. One of the most charming possible of jewelled hair-pins for evening wear has just been brought out by the Parisian Diamond Company, the simplicity and elegance of its design being especially noticeable when compared with other and more elaborate models of previous seasons' styles. This special hair-pin is composed of a bud and two slender, delicately curved spikes, like narcissus foliage, the latter done in diamonds, and the bud either of turquoise or of the famous pearls for which the Parisian Diamond Company are now classically celebrated. Sleeve-links of twisted wire delicately inset with jewels are also a speciality of the Company's, and, in the morning of our trim tailor-made attire, are most noticeably smart adjuncts to one's altogether. I do not know why there should be a certain neatness and finish about a sleeve-link to which a brooch, bangle, or other jewellery never attains, by the way; but the fact is a self-evident one.

Tiny coats and zouaves, as well as long, loose sacques of broad-tail, will be again in evidence this season. Broad-tail has indeed seemed to me always purchased at too great a cost from the humanitarian point of view, like egret—or, as one should call them, osprey—plumes. But Woman is born to vanity as the sparks fly upward, and even from antique Byzantine days had ever a fondness for costly fur garments, notwithstanding the deprecating attitude and even weighty objurgations of St. John Chrysostom, whose sympathies are well accredited to the hard-worked husbands of the period, rather than their wives, who, by all accounts, went luxuriously in purple and over-fine linen, which must have been much to the detriment of what anciently represented the banking accounts of their overwrought lords, whose sandals, by all transmitted tradition, these extravagant dames were unworthy to tie. It may be a descent, by the way, from the sublimity of Byzantium to the ridiculous of the everyday if, in this connection, I am reminded to observe that a new and quite invaluable non-slipping boot-lace has just been invented. But what of that? Doubtless even a superb ancient heathen often slipped over a loosened latchet in Rome or Athens and used language in flowing Attic or other syllables suitable to the occasion. For there is no situation, it may be freely laid down, which so detracts from the natural dignity of man as a dragging boot-lace.

Therefore a patent non-slipping invention, like that which has just been surnamed the “Normal,” is a departure to be welcomed with gratitude by the large majority which disowns buttoned boots and takes a shoe-lace seriously. The “Normal” boot- and shoe-string is, in fact, a silk-finished lace with patent ribbed ends which, when tied, prevent the lace from slipping, as is its too frequent manner, and securely keep the knot in its intended position. For brown or black boots suitable colours are provided, and it only remains for this harmless but most necessary addition to the toilette to be known to also ensure its universal adoption.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FILOMENA (Cardiff).—(1) Yellow and brown are always a hideous combination in clothes. Why not try black and white, with touches of cherry-colour, if you want something dark, yet smart? (2) If price is a matter of no moment, you may with safety try the dressmaker named; but if, as your letter seems to indicate, you are in other case, try Peter Robinson, who can supply you with a moderately priced costume that will also bear a cachet of its own fitted to most occasions.

M. T. L. (Mayfair).—I have seen something of the sort at Paquin's Dover Street house. Why, however, tie yourself to that when styles are constantly changing? The pearl-buttoned gloves are, I think, kept by Jay. No trouble.

SYBIL.

If we are to believe all the latest reports from the West Africa Malaria Mission—and there is no good reason why we should not—then life in Africa and in malarial regions anywhere will be robbed of half its terrors. It is long since Professor Koch stated that the bite of the mosquito was a fruitful source of the spread of fever, owing to the fact that it carried with it the bacteria which introduced the contagion into the red corpuscles of the blood. Ague has been traced to the same source, and yellow fever. Professor Grassi, in Italy, believes that mosquitoes are a fertile source of the spread of fever, although he believes that they must have first bitten someone stricken with the illness. A cable message arrived from Sierra Leone on July 29 from Major Ronald Ross to the effect that he had found the malarial mosquito. The latest bulletin to Mr. Alfred L. Jones, of Messrs. Elder, Dempster, and Co., Liverpool, reports that they have practically finished their investigations. They have discovered that a local species of mosquito carries malaria, and that this species breeds in a few stagnant puddles. At Sierra Leone, Major Nathan and the colonial doctors have been much interested in the discovery. Kerosene oil, it appears, will kill most of the anophelis grubs, but, as a preventative measure, some of the puddles are to be drained. The mission has concluded that truly malarial fever is caused solely by the mosquito, probably by the anophelis species. If this is so, much may be done to mitigate the ravages of malarial fever, which has cut off the flower of our colonial pioneers.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Oct. 11.

THE MARKETS.

It is useless to conceal from ourselves that every day appears to bring war with the Transvaal a step nearer, and that the Stock Exchange, which has persistently refused to believe that the squabble would really end in blows, is now resigned to the inevitable—indeed, would welcome the first shot as putting an end to the present and far too prolonged suspense. Whether the cannon's roar will still further depress prices or not is a moot point, the answer to which very much depends on the result of the first engagements, for if by reason of lack of troops or a surprise or any other untoward accident we sustained a reverse or two, there is no doubt that the slump would be greatly intensified. Fortunately, there is a very small speculative account open, and in Capel Court the worst is generally supposed to be over so far as failures and the closing of weak "bull" accounts are concerned.

At the moment of writing, the exact terms the Cabinet intend to ask for are not known, but it is impossible to see how they can be more moderate than the demands already put forward and which have been already rejected. The truth of the matter appears to be—and this is the difficulty which the Stock Exchange has had in grasping the situation—that the Boers are in the state of mind of the old Dutch lady who wrote to an acquaintance the other day wondering whether, when Paul Kruger had driven the English out of Africa, he would take England!

The Bank directors did not raise the rate at their last meeting, but it is clear that we must have a 4 per cent. minimum, if not a 4½ per cent. one next week, not improbably before these lines are in print.

YANKEES.

The American Market is busily searching for new ways of killing time, in the absence of any semblance of business. Principally, the monetary situation and the Transvaal crisis are debited with the lack of enthusiasm that prevails in Shorter's Court and Wall Street. So far as money is concerned, while it is possible that there may be a slight easing off in rates for the early part of October, all authorities are uniting in prophecies of a squeeze before the end of the year. Under these circumstances, it is not astonishing that the tone of the Yankee Market is pitched in the minor, and vague talk of trouble in the ranks of Stock Exchange members does not help to raise the cheerfulness of the railroad stocks. The Kaffir Market failures all react, to a certain extent, upon Yankee prices, the defaulters usually having accounts in both departments. During this troublous period it would be extremely rash to enter into large "bullish" commitments of Americans.

Feeling in the market, however, is distinctly favourable to a rise taking place very shortly. This being the usual sentiment for eleven and a-half out of every twelve months, perhaps it is not very much to go by, yet it may be taken as an indication that the market here would be only too thankful to assist any incipient signs of an advance that might present themselves. The Americans hold comparatively few Kaffir shares now, and are not "in" to anything like the extent that they were during the '95 boom in South Africans, so that the Kruger crisis will not affect them. It is possible that an effort may be made to run a Yankee rise while Kaffirs are slumping, but such an operation will require a vast amount of pluck and optimism, of which the "other side" seems quite incapable. So that, although pegs are not wanting whereon to hang a rise, the "bulls" of Yankees will have to possess their souls in patience before the market supporters can muster sufficient force to raise their hands to reach those pegs.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

"Consols are flat!"

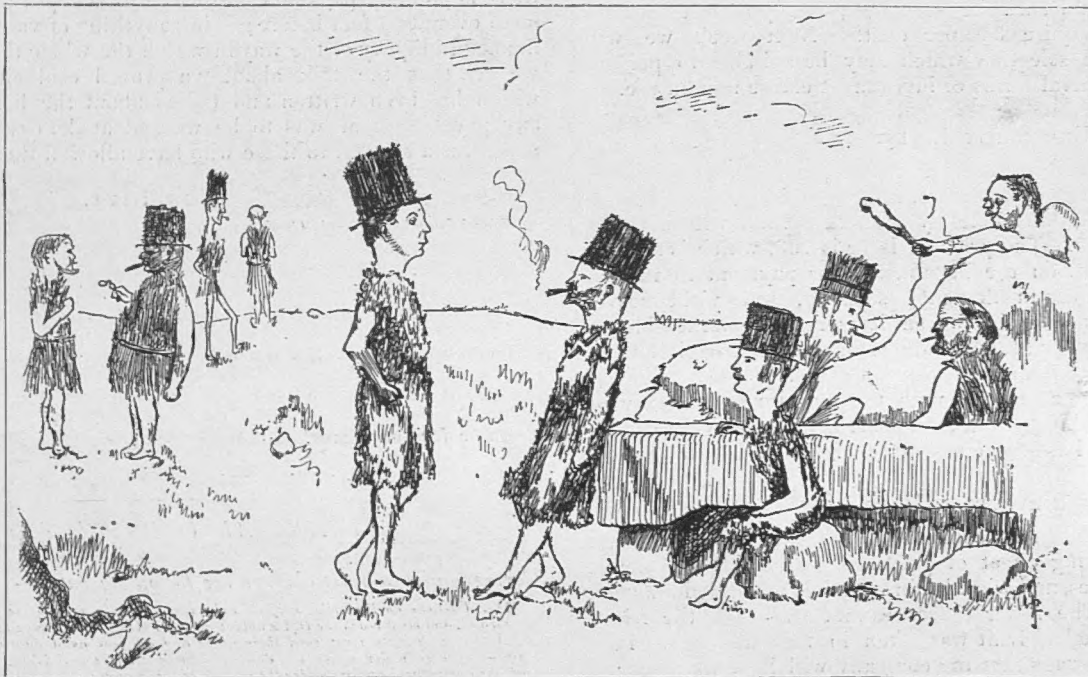
The sound of the words is bad enough at any time, but when they are spoken in a political crisis, and on an average some hundreds of times *per diem*, they have a peculiarly depressing effect all round the Stock Exchange. The Kaffir "boom" when it comes will be heralded by a rise in Goschens, and at their

present price of 104 Consols look almost cheap. These columns have borne testimony over and over again to the absurdity of the stock standing at 110, but the sharp fall from that quotation—and the stock at one time this year touched 111½—has brought down the Funds to buying price. Money is likely to temporarily become a little easier during October, and the political outlook is a transient influence which no more affects the actual credit of the country than would a war between Saturn and Jupiter. So that, for anyone with "money over" who doesn't mind a low grade of interest, Consols at their present price are just what the doctor orders.

Talking of Consols naturally leads to chatting about our cartoon, which was evolved by the endeavours of an artist in that part of the Consol Market which is called in the House "The Parlour." It is a little square just on the left hand of the Capel Court entrance as one goes into the House, and its members are a class unto themselves, specially as regards practical joking. "The Prehistoric Parlour" happily hits off the leading characteristics of face and attitude enjoyed by some of the principal members who frequent this area, about the most ancient in the whole Stock Exchange. (I mean, the area is the most ancient—not the members.) Mr. Charley Clarke's figure in the front is, of course, world-known; the remaining cartoonees must not be named in print, lest the ever-vigilant Committee drop on them for advertising. The sketch has enjoyed a good circulation, and I hasten to add my compliments to the many which have already been showered upon the modest artist.

The market in Home Rails is as quiet as sleepers. Hardly a bargain is doing, but times like these are to be made the most of by enterprising capitalists. Prices have been severely deflated owing to the dearthness of money, to the Transvaal crisis, and to the general feeling of insecurity that prevails in every direction. As I pointed out some weeks ago, the companies' reports were hardly of a kind to encourage buyers, considering the hugeousness—that is one of George Meredith's words, you know—of their bills for wages and materials. Since then the market has gradually eased off until the best stocks are very near the lowest prices of 1899. The traffics are moderately good, but we have long got past "Traffic Markets," and Kruger has more effect upon Dover "A" than the Paris Exposition prospects have. Great Westerns at 165 and North-Westerns at 201½ are both worth putting away, but no one should buy Home Rails as a speculation to carry-over in times like these.

Singular, indeed! The Indian earthquake and floods had the immediate effect of raising the quotations for Darjeeling Tea shares, and some of the other Tea properties also moved up a shade. So many readers of *The Sketch* hold Tea shares that I made special inquiries about these in the market, and am glad that the result was so satisfactory. The secret of the thing is that there is a fairly considerable "bear" account in Darjeelings, and the dealers are nearly all short of them. This is also the case with several other of the kindred concerns, and, if only purchasers cared to insist upon delivery of their shares at the proper date, there would be quite an agitation in the sellers' ranks. On Saturday a slight relapse occurred, but the prices are merely sellers where they were buyers before.



THE PREHISTORIC PARLOUR.

A Stock Exchange Cartoon.

The momentous question of what to do with Kaffirs daily occupies the minds of at least three thousand members of the Stock Exchange, to say nothing of their clients. Prices have at last come considerable croppers, and oh, for a peep at a price-list as it will appear three months hence! Failing that, each man has to rely upon his own judgment, and the majority of judgments say, "Sit still and do nothing." For the Kaffir Circus the situation is indeed "heart-breaking," as Mr. Percy Smith sighs, and the correspondence of a broker in these days is mainly devoted to answering his clients' "What are we to do with our Kaffirs?" The general market feeling is strong against "bull" operations for the moment, although it is equally pronounced as to the danger of being caught a "bear," having regard to the certainty of the rise to come sooner or later.

Personally, I think that it is sheer folly to sell South Africans: far better to average every now and then on any considerable fall. The best shares to buy are those of the Land and Exploration class, or those in companies possessing interests in a variety of concerns, such as Rand Mines, Anglo-French, Consolidated Goldfields, Barnato Consols, South African Gold Trust, and Randfontein. The Boers are not likely to damage everything in which these companies are interested, but it is quite conceivable that they might blow up the main shaft of any individual mine, as Jumpers or New Primrose. The dark point is that no one can gauge what the Boers would be able to do to the mines, or whether they would even touch them at all in the event of war, and not all the fierce light of public discussion that it has aroused has yet thrown any gleam of sunshine upon it.

"England expects the Kaffir Ring that day shall do its duty." England may take it from me that the Circus will be there when it is wanted to do its share in the fighting. Why, we have Militiamen and Volunteers by the score around the main entrance in Throgmorton Street, and already one's imagination kindles at the thought of what one may soon be reading at the breakfast-table. "The South African Market-behaved splendidly at Laing's Nek yesterday," the cable will probably run. "Under the command of Generalissimo De Lara, the thin red line blue up their camp of the night before, and, having thus burned their boats, they advanced with a deafening battle-cry of 'Porges!' right up to the enemy's rear. Then were the heroes of old put to eternal shame. De la Bere alone killed ninety-nine Boers off his own bat, while young Green and Clutterbuck caught and balled hundreds more. Colonel Walters was in the thickest of the fight, and kicked seven goals to nil. Him did Hare succour from the fierce assault of a

dozen Inlanders, Davis hurrying up to sketch the glorious episode for his Artists' Corps. Two of the 'H.A.C.'s, Harrington and Lobb to wit, by their valour drew tears of admiration from General Joubert himself, who sent them ice and fruit, Saladin-like, wherewith to bathe their fearful wounds. Hoskier was there, yelling 'Milwaukee' like mad, unable yet to return to the cries of his former years. At the conclusion of the engagement, a special wire was received from Balmoral (where the battle had been followed with breathless interest by the Queen, holding on to a wireless telegraphy instrument) appointing her noble warriors K.C.K.B.—Knights-Commanders of the Kaffir's Bath—on the spot. Only one fatality is reported on the British side. He was an old man with long white hair and a scrubby beard. They wrapped him up in a clearing-sheet, and above the little mound they set a simple stone, bearing these touching words—

'THE HOUSE HAUNTER.'

A TRUSTEE'S TRUST.

"It is easy enough to select stocks for ordinary people to buy, so that they get a moderate return upon their capital; but, except Consols, what are trustees to do?" writes a correspondent, and, to solve his difficulty, we offer the following suggestions for the investment of £1000 of trust money in a case where the trustees are not allowed to hold any stock except those permitted by the general law—

	Cost.	Income.
£300 London County Council 2½ per cent.	£279	£7 10 0
£200 Manchester 3 per cent. stock	205	6 0 0
£200 South Indian Railway Guaranteed Debenture Stock ...	307	9 0 0
£100 London, Tilbury, and Southend Rly. 4½ per cent. Pref.	136	4 0 0
£100 Midland 2½ per cent. Perpetual Preference Stock ...	89	2 10 0
	£1016	£29 0 0

The return is not, of course, very large; but, in a strict trust, almost three per cent. is about as much as can be expected, and the stocks we have enumerated are all of them easy to procure, and can be dealt in at fairly close prices. Of course, many trustees act under wills and settlements in which a much larger range of investment is possible, and for them, as a rule, Colonial stocks, the debentures of the best Foreign and Colonial Railways, and suchlike securities, offer practical security and a general return of quite 3½ per cent. Next week we will endeavour to make some selection which may be suitable to persons acting under the more general forms of investment clause now in use.

AN EXCELLENT INVESTMENT.

The Bank of England is offering £640,000 Egyptian Government Irrigation Trust 4 per cent. certificates, ranking *pari passu* with the bonds already issued, and redeemable by a sinking fund within thirty years, commencing in 1903. The price of issue is 103, which is subject to a discount of 3 per cent. on the instalments for payment in full on allotment. The bonds are a first-rate security, and yield nearly 4 per cent. to the investor, besides which, it is readily marketable, so that persons seeking a safe and moderate return on their capital may, with profit, turn their attention to these Irrigation Bonds. For all practical purposes, they are a security with the moral responsibility of the British Government behind them, and, short of our being turned out of Egypt, may be reckoned as secure as—well, Consols, shall we say?

THE INDUSTRIAL MARKET.

The Commercial and Industrial columns of the Official List have not escaped from the stupefying effect of politics. Daily falls are almost the only recordable changes, and what business is left is divided amongst Barnums and Liptons. The latter shares cannot shake off the fright that seized them when the bad fruit was taken in the same way. It is even rumoured by market wags that the company will have to lower its Royal Coat-of-Arms, because the Queen is so horrified at the idea of getting bad jam with her royal bread-and-butter. As we remarked a little while ago, the price is now a fairly reasonable one, not likely to move much either way until the interim dividend is announced. Barnums, the other speculative favourites, are very much at the mercy of a clique, and should be sold at anything about 30s.

The Cotton group has displayed remarkable steadiness during the crisis, and the leading shares should not be sold, as a rise is almost certain to come with the settlement of affairs political. Oil shares have been thrown on the market in considerable numbers of late, and Schibaieff Ordinary are worth picking up at 1½, while the 6 per cent. Preference at 4½ are a good speculative investment. Yankee Brewery Preference shares are slowly moving upward, and St. Louis Preference should be kept, even by those who bought them when we advised their purchase; the price then was 10s. lower. Bartholomay issues we believe to be a bad holding, one to be got rid of at the first opportunity.

The Telegraph Market says that the Transvaal crisis tires it. This is apparently a phrase borrowed from operators in Anglo-American stocks, which are being knocked down upon the "slump" in Yankees. Eastern Ordinary and Eastern Extension are naturally as flat as cables, and the prospects of securing part of the contract for the new all-British line have not sufficed to infuse any life into the telegraph manufacturing section. Armstrongs and Vickers have been in strong demand from the North, and Vickers have still a rise left in them. Electric-lighting concerns are steadily neglected, and the talk of "booming" tobacco shares has, so far, resulted in nothing but smoke. Bread shares, we regret to say, are heavy.

WEST AUSTRALIANS.

Kangaroos are suffering from the "slump" in their neighbouring market, in sympathy with the rest of the Stock Exchange, and the dealers do not offer much encouragement to the hopes that are expressed of a speedy recovery from their weakness. Could the market only shake off the influence of Kaffirs, there would be a sharp upward bound, because speculators in Mining shares must buy *something*, and

many of the West Australians look attractively low. A small "bear" account is beginning to develop in some of the heavier shares, the carrying-over rates on Contango-day amply proving this, and, if the "bears" extend their operations, they will be building up a sure barrier of strength for the "bulls" to lean against when Taurus is once more able to raise his horns.

The bright outlook before the colony was painted in glowing colours by Sir John Forrest, the Premier, when he rose to make his Budget speech a few days back. With swelling pride, he pointed out the increase that had occurred in the gold output, revenue, and trade during the past year.

The public spirit shown by the colony needs no better evidence than the fact that £55,329 has been spent by the Government in the erection of public batteries. The cost of working averages no more than 15s. per ton, and the mining industry is being officially handled so that it may be made the very most of, instead of the very least, as it is in the Transvaal.

THE KENT COAL COMPANIES.

The past week has been distinguished by the desperate efforts made to cover up the past history of these unsavoury concerns by bringing about a general amalgamation, which would, under the guise of voluntary liquidation and a sale of assets to a new company, wipe out all danger of any raking up of the past for Mr. Arthur Burr and his associates. We sincerely trust that these efforts will not prove successful, for the whole bubble is now pricked, and it is high time that those who blew it should face the music. Mr. Brandon's excellent and trenchant *exposé* ought to be read by any shareholder who is inclined to hesitate on which side to throw his vote, and we are quite sure that the author would willingly send a copy to anyone who is financially interested and cares to write to him at 15, Essex Street, Strand, for it. Undoubtedly there is possibly payable coal in Kent at a depth if people are content to go to over 2000 feet before getting anything of value; but, apart from the financial iniquity of the way in which the whole thing has been exploited, we say that the talk about "a proved coalfield," with the rubbish which has been written and talked about the bore having proved that any payable seam was to be worked at less than the depth we have named, is a scandal to those who have allowed their names to be used.

NEW ISSUE.

The Weardale Steel, Coal, and Coke Company, Limited, with a share capital of £900,000, and a debenture issue of £400,000, is appealing to the public for subscriptions. The share capital is divided into 500,000 Cumulative 6 per cent. Preferred Ordinary shares, and 400,000 Deferred Ordinary shares, of which 175,000 are reserved for future issue. Half the profits, after paying 6 per cent. on the Deferred Ordinary shares, are available for increasing the dividend upon the Preferred Ordinary. The Board is, of course, a very strong one, with Sir Christopher Furness as chairman, and it appears from the prospectus that the profits for the year ending June 30, 1899, amounted to £140,000. Even in such times as these, there will probably be a considerable scramble for the shares.

Saturday, Sept. 30, 1899.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a non-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no non-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. C.—(a) A very bad Brewery Company. Look upon shares as a bad debt. (b and g) We can hear nothing of these concerns on the Market. (c) Only low-grade ore has been found. You can buy shares, but not sell them. (e) The concern is in low water, and it is understood that its future is dependent on the success or failure of the Rubber Estates of Para, in which it has a large share-holding. (f and i) In liquidation. (h) The original property has proved a failure, and the directors have been endeavouring to get another, with what success we do not yet know.

E. M. B.—Thanks for letter and enclosure. See this week's "Notes."

E. W. R.—The brewery is the best of the Americans, and has paid 10 per cent. on its Ordinary shares for the last seven years. The shares are as good an investment as we know to yield 17 per cent., but they are not Consols, of course. The provincial bonds are a good second-class investment to pay 5½ per cent. or just over. The Transvaal stock is worth par if you want to sell.

SHERLAW.—(1) We have no belief in the prospects of this mine. (2) A good second-class deep-level—in other words, a reasonable mining speculation, but the debenture debt is against it. The ore is not rich in this part of the field. (3) You ought to buy, when the time you mention has arrived, Goldfields and East Rands.

GULL.—You have been robbed, of course. If you will authorise us to hand the papers over to the City Police, they may be able to catch the scoundrels. Send a post-card to the City Editor if you wish this done.

ABEL.—See our note on the subject of your letter.